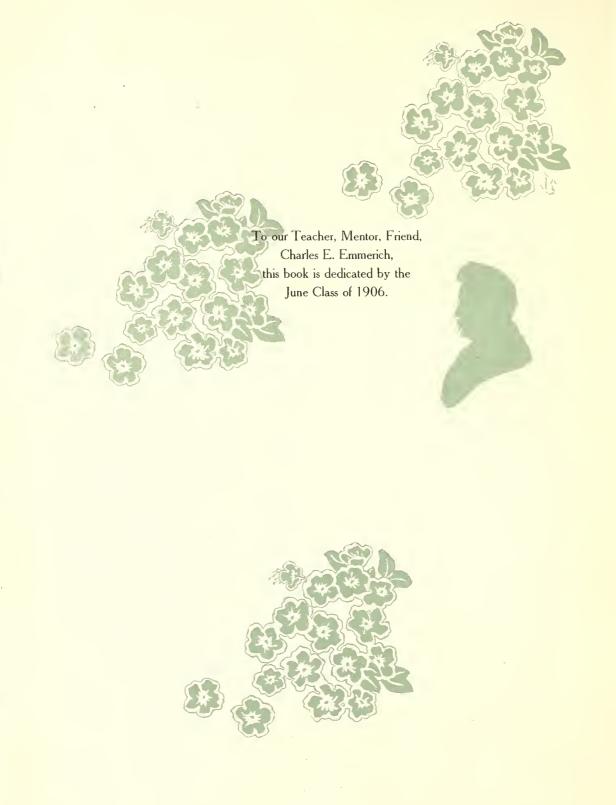
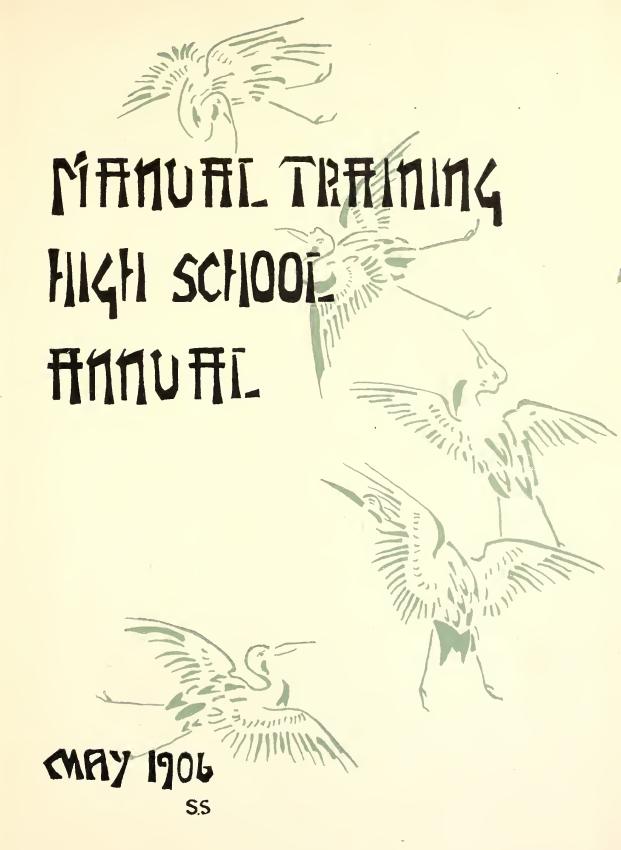


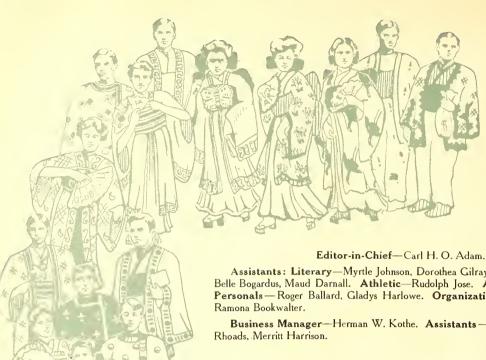




JAKU. JAOREI JATSU JALMASCOTS.







Assistants: Literary-Myrtle Johnson, Dorothea Gilray, Lex Dickey. Art-Belle Bogardus, Maud Darnall. Athletic-Rudolph Jose. Alumni-Ruth Steele. Personals - Roger Ballard, Gladys Harlowe. Organizations - Philip Harvey,

Business Manager—Herman W. Kothe. Assistants—Irvin E. Deer, Robert

Foreword

HE ANNUAL has been written by the students of the school, under the direction of a staff chosen from the June class of 1906. The purpose of the editors has been to record the events of a school year, and to produce a literary column fully as interesting as that in Annuals of past years. Some items are entirely new, for the creation of unique and varied features was the first end in view in developing every department of the book. In general we have endeavored to exclude all deep and abstract subjects, giving preference to interesting and entertaining articles, truly representative of the high school girl and boy. The editing of the Annual has been a happy task, for there is a joyous satisfaction in working purely and simply for the good of the alma mater. Many of the tedious hours spent in writing, correcting and proof reading, were lightened by the anticipation of the pleasure we hoped to give our fellow-students. Throughout the year the development of the Japanese motive has been a class secret; and the finished book,

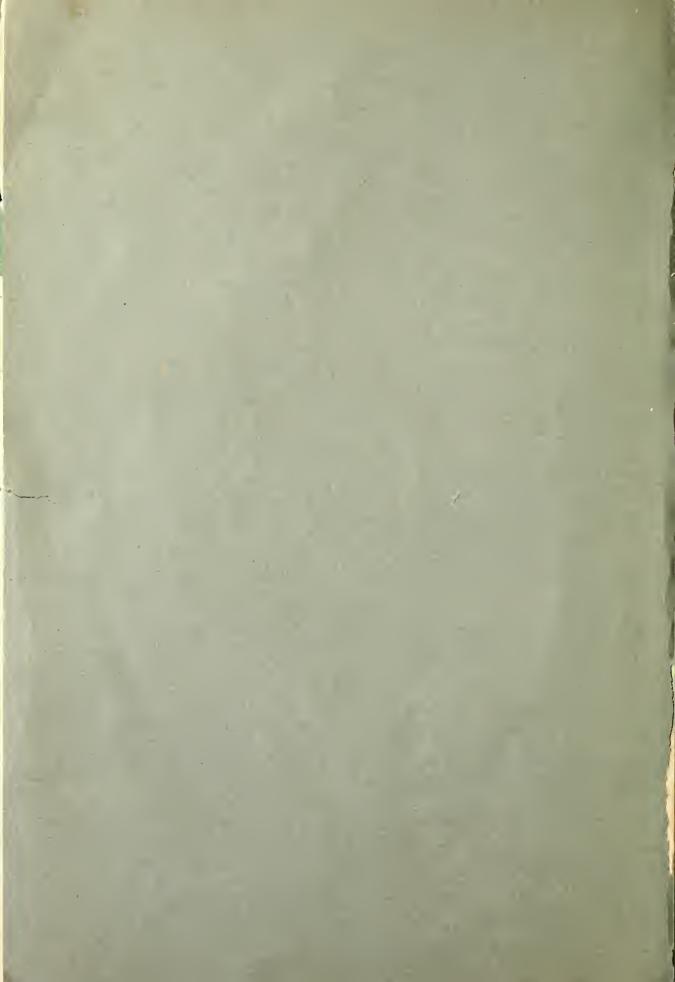
unique and harmonious in every detail, has only been made possible by the modification of traditional customs. The printing of endless half-tones of fraternities, athletic teams and various organizations has given way to illustrations Japanese in character. Finally the untiring efforts of the business managers enabled the staff to beautify and broaden the work without involving the class in debt.

Here is our book. It is probable that our ultimate attainment has fallen short of our aim, but whatever the defects may be, the editors trust that everybody will find something worthy of commendation. As to how our book will be received by the faculty of the school and the more mature alumni, we naturally feel dubious. In the end, our hopes will have been realized if the reader is glad of an opportunity to show his friends the Annual, and to refer to it as an excellent chronicle of the happy high school year of 1905-1906.









Reminiscences of a Japanese Gentleman



the old to muse, and dream, and, remembering the burned out fires of youth, to smile sometimes, and sometimes to weep, while youth is too busy with living to care greatly for the tales of old men.

I, who am remembering, am a Japanese gentleman of high rank, painted on a tiny fan of strange and beautiful workmanship. This lady at whose feet I kneel, and ever shall, is she whom I have loved always. I am old, so old.

The tiny hands of ladies who have held me have long ago been dust. The tender fragrance of their garments still clings faintly to my now dingy and faded robes, like the vanishing memory of a dream. My face is brown, like a dead leaf, as was that of him who fashioned this fan.

Long had he worked, carving the sticks in intricate patterns, bending over his beloved task, in the fading light, till his brown face, furrowed with a thousand wrinkles, almost touched the fragrant wood. Then when he could no longer see, he would tenderly wrap the unfinished fan in a faded silken scarf. On the morrow he would hasten to his low bench and begin again his endless carving.

Many have wondered why the exquisite pattern abruptly ceases, and a small part of the fan is unfinished. It is only this: One morning the old man did not rise from his narrow pallet, nor never again, save as he was borne thence by two strange men, who carried him not over gently. That, I judge, is what men call death.

Low-browed, evil-looking men came furtively and sought throughout the little hut, and muttered strange curses when they found nothing. From their words, I judged that they had hoped to find treasure hidden by the carver of woods. One discovered the fan and took it with him, in lieu of anything more valuable.

It was sold many times, and I saw strange sights and heard strange sounds, many of which I fain would have kept from this dainty lady at whose feet I kneel. Ah!—could you have seen her then, when first I loved her! The rayen blackness of her hair, and the delicate flush on her ivory skin, have been dulled and faded by Time, who, forsooth, was jealous of me. But still she smiles on me, and still I worship at her feet. It grieves this lady of the fan, that her garments have lost their pristine richness, but we love each other, so what matter dull robes and faded cheeks?

You, to whom I tell this tale, must needs forgive me for 'tis the way of old men to depart often and far from the path of their narrative. And, moreover, I am but dreaming, and she is much in my dreams.

After much passing to and from hands, we came, at length, into the keeping of a fair maiden, daughter of a lord, high in the Mikado's service. She was very beautiful, and her voice was as sweet as the murmur of the fountains in her father's courtward. She wept much, all alone, and I wondered why, and pitied her greatly. But a woman's wit prevails, where often a man's wisdom fails, so my dainty sweetheart whispered softly, with tears in her dark eyes, "She is in love. I know it." And when I questioned my sweetheart why she knew, she answered, "Because."







Often, in the warm summer nights, the princess sat on the balcony overlooking the palace gardens, weeping and murmuring to herself, and we gleaned that she was betrothed to a mighty noble, whom she hated. Had I not known love myself, I should have thought her very wicked for hating the man of her father's choice, for Japanese maidens, as all should, humbly do their father's bidding. But I heard, sometimes, words of another, for whom she had waited long, and who would rescue her. As she moaned faintly, fearing lest he should not come, my heart well nigh broke for pitying her.

How well do I remember one night, of which I shall tell you. It was late and the moon had sunk low in the west, and still the maiden sat alone. The summer wind bore strange sweet fragrance of unknown flowers from the garden, whence came faintly the soft music of fountains. As the little grieving princess sat far back in the shadows, the soft notes of a Japanese love song floated up, mingling with the falling of the waters. She started, then I fell to the ground and saw not the scene which followed, but I heard whispered words, and one voice was the deep, tender voice of a man.

I know she fled with him, which brought to her, and to her father, and to her kinsmen great reproach, for in the memory of old men such a thing had never yet been done by a Japanese maiden.

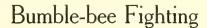
I have belonged to many, since that night. Tales could I tell of love and of hate, of sacrifice and of treachery. Many times have I cried aloud to save one from cruel betrayal, or death, but my language was not his language, and he went blindly on.

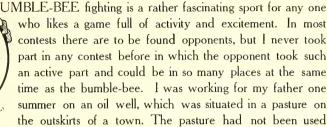
I have seen much that is good, and much that is evil; hope and despair; the rise of men and their downfall, and through it all I daily thank the god of inanimate things that I am but the picture of a man ordained to dwell forever on a fan.

Ramona Bookwalter, '06. Eng. VII.









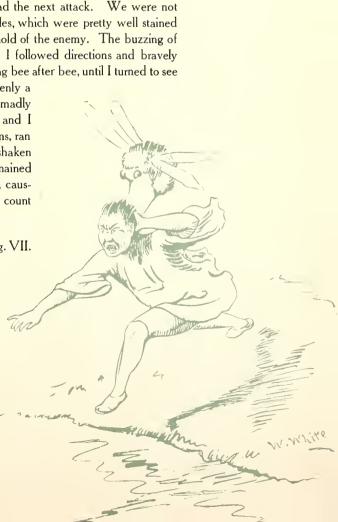
for some time and the grass had grown very long, making a fine place for the field bees to nest.

I soon made the acquaintance of two boys, who came over to the well frequently, and on one of these visits I was invited to participate in a bee fight. Now I did not know very much about bee fighting, so I stood off and let my friends start the attack, which they did very cleverly, without even so much as a sting. The way of proceeding was this: As soon as the nest was located, one of the boys would approach cautiously, taking as weapons two broad paddles made from shingles. Now the object was to stand beside the nest and catch the bees between the shingles as they came out, thus in a short time killing all the bees, which was an easy job, if not discovered by the bees. Once in a while the fighter would be discovered just as he was getting ready, and of course he would be put to flight. As he ran he would skillfully turn off his pursuers by throwing his large straw hat to one side and by changing his course at the same time, for the bees would take after the hat. Of course this looked very easy to me, so I promptly told the boys I should like to lead the next attack. We were not long in finding another nest, so I gripped the paddles, which were pretty well stained by this time, and cautiously approached the stronghold of the enemy. The buzzing of the angry bees disconcerted me for a moment, but I followed directions and bravely prepared for the first attack. I got along nicely, killing bee after bee, until I turned to see

how my companions were progressing, when suddenly a bee slipped past me and got away. While I was madly striking at him, his mates soon came to his rescue and I beat a hasty retreat. I threw my hat, waved my arms, ran in a circle, but I soon saw they were not to be shaken off, so I made for the creek. I jumped in and remained under as long as I could, then I rose and splashed, causing such commotion that the bees soon left me to count the number of bumps and to plan the next attack.

Walter Brant, '06. Eng. VII.







A Fall

Whose haughty demeanor inspires one with fear?
Who, to his inferiors will not unbend—
Ah, no—'tis beneath him to so condescend.

His long ribbon streamers afloat in the breeze, Proclaim him a mighty 8A, if you please.

A proud, conscious subject of all the school talk, And truthfully speaking, "A-cock of the walk"

But—who is this meek, humble child we have here, Who really shudders whene er one draws near, To whom every teacher's an ogre to dread, And who can't distinguish his feet from his head?

His woe-begone look and his actions so nervous. All show him to be a 9B, at your service. His stammering questions when seeking your aid, Inspire you to pity, he seems so afraid.

As he thanks you and raises his eyes from the floor, You start, for surely you've seen him before. Ah! The haughty 8A with this meek face and form, Then, a beautiful butterfly, but now—a worm.

Katherine Elizabeth Bauer, '07. Eng. VII.





Skating

In nearly all of the northern countries where the winters are cold enough to produce ice, one of the chief amusements that are attendant in winter's train is skating. Of course to know how to skate one must learn this art by means of a long, eventful process, the effects of which are for a time painfully asserted in the learner's mind.

There are two different ways of learning the art of skating. The first is to have a helper on each side of the beginner to hold him up; the second is for the beginner to blunder along by himself and amuse the bystanders with athletic "stunts" done without apparatus.

Much has been said about the joys of skating, but very little about the woes of the beginner. First the victim hies himself to some sporting-goods establishment and hands out his "cash," receiving in lieu thereof a pair of guaranteed steel skates and a couple of straps to bind them on more firmly. Then the aspirant for skating honors betakes himself to some ice-bound pond with his precious articles of "revolution." He "plumps" himself down on a rock and proceeds in a mysterious manner, not mentioned in any treatise on skating, to fasten the aforesaid articles on. Generally some friend rescues him in time, fastens the skates on correctly and leaves him to his fate.

First he steps out on the ice and essays to make a bold stroke, after the manner of skilled skaters, with an amazing result. His lower extremities show a sudden desire to seek higher paths, while his head becomes interested in astronomy. He sees planets and celestial bodies the astronomer never dreamed of, while the sun and moon dance a jig in the background. After the fiery exhibition clears up a little, the rebel, or revolutionist, or whatever he may be named, sits up and feels for the crack in the back of his head, whose edges he can hear grating together—in his mind. But he is disappointed, visibly disappointed, to find nothing like an injury except a small bump, which he informs his friends is as big as a baseball. Then he cautiously rises to his feet, or rather, his skates, and stands about watching the experienced skaters, wondering to himself if they almost broke their necks before they learned to skate.

At last, tiring of this, he begins again. He tries a stroke, with immense success; then a larger one—success again and applause from himself. Again a larger stroke—fireworks, blue rings and pink and yellow dots are much in evidence. The skater picks up his remains disgustedly and wobbles slowly to the shore, jerks off his skates and departs for his dwelling-place. There the disgruntled beginner seriously contemplates the advisability of summoning the doctor.

But in a few days the temptation proves too great as he sees his comrades gliding over the pond, so he packs up his skates again and makes another pilgrimage to the scene of former defeat. This time he sees with pride that his skates are properly adjusted and he slides forth cautiously on the pond's frozen surface. Now he takes shorter strokes and frequently tumbles. At last on a certain day, a day which he marks in his diary with red ink, he learns to skate; and from that time on the illuminations become dimmer and less frequent. Now he can blunder around the pond twice without stopping and watches with scorn the gymnastics of the new victims.

Ralph Wheeler, '07. Eng. V.







A Tale of Old Japan

N the days of the early seventies, Old Japan was governed by the first Christian Mikado, Torl. His body-guard was the faithful band of the Samurai, led by the valiant Prince Korin, strongest-of-the-strong. Migaku, gatherer-of-news, and Tacho, teller-of-who-comes-and-who-goes, were among the Samurai-Now it so happened that these three men were descendants of the body-guard of the first Mikado, one thousand years ago, and as such, deserved the unrestrained confidence placed in them by his imperial majesty, Torl.

A few years after the beginning of Torl's reign, murmurings of revolt against the imperial government came to the knowledge of Migaku. The one remaining people of Japan who refused to adopt the Christian religion were the Kwannians. The Mikado Torl had been unjust to them, had persecuted the worship of their protectress, the beautiful Goddess Kwannon, had crushed her shrines and ruined her temples. Their love for their deity had been degraded. Revenge should come to the Kwannians, for Nagoli, their prince, had said it.

Kwanni is an island scarcely an arrow's flight from the north shore of old Japan. It was evident that the inhabitants were preparing for war. Night revelries in the red bamboo forest were frequent, for so Tacho reported to his imperial majesty, Torl. Migaku discovered from a Kwanni fisherman that on the night of the next full moon Prince Nagoli and his war minister, Zakkuri, would hold a review of their soldiers. A ruined shrine of the goddess Kwannon in the red bamboo forest would be the meeting place. Later in the evening Nagoli was to give the annual "Feast of a Hundred Visitors" in his great palace hall. Here Nagoli's most trusty counselors would come and they would plan for war.

The Mikado Torl sent Prince Korin, leader of his faithful Samurai, to the island of Kwanni. It was his perilous task to watch the night review of Nagoli's soldiers and to report the plans made at the "Feast of a Hundred Visitors."

Korin had little difficulty in crossing over to the beautiful island. The golden sun of old Japan was sinking in the celestial heavens just as the prince reached the shore. It was the night of the review of the soldiers, and Korin passed swiftly through the red bamboo forest and hurried to the palace of Nagoli. It was fast growing dark, but the hour of the Ox, the appointed time of the review, was far removed. However, Prince Korin was not thinking of Nagoli's soldiers, for he had something far more important—a tryst in the Red Maple Gardens of Nagoli's palace.

Assani, daughter of Nagoli, was a beautiful girl of eighteen summers. She was as fair as the goddess Kwannon and the daintiest maid in the Kingdom of old Japan. Korin had met the beautiful Assani at the "Festival for the Foreign Embassies" given by his Imperial Highness, Torl, two years previous. The two had loved from the first meeting and the princely Korin had since kept a tryst every change of the moon with his princess in the Red Maple Gardens of Nagoli's palace. Nagoli's hatred of the Mikado and his Samurai alone kept them from declaring their love. And now what a trick for fate to play! Korin, the betrothed of Assani, must spy on her people, must







be instrumental in the downfall of her father's house. How could he do it? And yet he must, for was he not of the Samurai, who for a thousand years had never failed the Mikado?

In such a frame of mind Korin proceeded to the Red Maple Gardens of Nagoli. He cautiously approached their trysting place, a shinjio among the moon flowers. Setsu, Assani's maid, was there, but the little Japanese princess was not. For the first time she had failed him. She had accompanied her father to the red bamboo forest, so Setsu said. All the pride of his long line of Samurai ancestry asserted itself. He would report the night review of the Kwannian soldiers, would enter the guarded palace and be present at the "Feast of a Hundred Visitors". Thus he planned the downfall of Nagoli and his people, all because of the unfaithfulness of Assani.

Firmly determined in his resolve, Prince Korin hurriedly left the gardens and hastened to the Red Bamboo Forest to the ruined shrine of Kwannon. He had not proceeded far when he saw long files of marching soldiers, by the glare of their lighted torches. He cautiously entered a bamboo grove near the ruined shrine. Night fires gleamed fantastically and threw weird shadows over the silent, marching soldiers. The brightness of the fire at first temporarily blinded the watching Samurai. Then becoming accustomed to the strange play of the firelight he observed three silent figures standing near the ruined altar. The foremost of the three was Nagoli, erect and handsome, with his eyes fixed on the silent marchers. Zakkuri, the war minister, was the second. The third was the lovely Assani. She leaned against the stones of the once beautiful temple of Kwannon, but her attitude expressed indifference to her surroundings. Ever and anon she raised her lovely face, pale and listless in the fitful firelight. He winced instinctively when he thought of his treacherous plans to deceive her people. The lovely face in the firelight moved him strangely. A fierce short struggle between his love and the honor of the Samurai battled within him. In the end, it was the same old story.

"Since the days of the gods Water flows the same, Love goes the same."

Korin decided. He would lose both or win both. With a swift bound he landed squarely in front of Nagoli and placed his sword over the heart of the Japanese prince, uttering at the same time the low dread call of the Samurai, "Old Japan and Samurai forever."

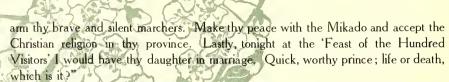
Assani started and gazed bewildered at the Samurai prince. Zakkuri shuddered and fell fear-stricken in a heap. Nagoli alone moved not. The tramping of the silent soldiers continued.

Slowly the handsome Nagoli spoke, "You are indeed bold, Samurai!"

The answer came quickly, "Not so, noble prince. One thrust and thou art in the land of souls, one bound and I am gone through this grove to his imperial majesty Torl to report that the leader of the Kwannians is dead. Be sensible, worthy prince, dis-







Assani sprang noiselessly between the two. "O father, Prince Nagoli, I would have it so, for he is my betrothed."

Silently the moon shines on the ruined shrines of Goddess Kwannon. No noise of tramping soldiers nor of clashing arms disturbs the peace of the red bamboo forest. In the great hall of Nagoli's palace there is the sound of revelry. Cries of "Samurai, Kwanni and Old Japan forever!" break the stillness of the night outside. Setsu, in the shinjio among the moon flowers, patiently awaits the coming of her mistress, Assani. Little does she think that the beautiful Japanese girl is Assani no longer, but Princess Korin of the faithful Samurai.

Carl Adam, '06. Eng. VII.

A Day of Spring



DAY of Spring is here. With joy it thrills.

The sunshine gleams, the morning seems to smile,
The trees, all pink and white, sway on the hills,
And far and near the birds call all the while.
This fragrant day we read from Tennyson,
And with the happy lotus-eaters stray;
Rejoice with Lancelot o'er glories won.
Oh! it is thus because our hearts are gay.

A long, long day is done and darkness falls.

The sky is dark; the winds strange memories bring,
And in the world cold duty calls and calls.

The birds that sang that joyful day forget to sing,
On such a night we dare not read from books;
The songs of bards are discord to our ears,
We hear not words that sound like laughing brooks.

'Tis thus, because our hearts are filled with fears.

Dorothea Gilray, '06. Eng. VII.



Nature: by T. C. Steele

T. C. Steele's many beautiful paintings, the one I like best are: "Wood Interior," "After the Storm," "Shelburn Meadows at Noonday," and "The Sycamores." "Wood Interior" shows different hues of green, and when looking down the little path which is lost in a thick undergrowth one can almost imagine he feels the soft, cool breezes, and hears the low, melancholy murmurs so characteristic of the wood-land. "After the Storm" is a composition of bright colors which are particularly pleasing, as they have the freshness that is usually seen after a storm. A farm house surrounded by trees is in the left of the picture, while vast fields roll away to the horizon,

on the right. The sky is a mass of heaving, tumbling, gray clouds, which show what the fury of the elements had been. The painting of "The Shelburn Meadows at Noonday" is well named. There is not a cloud in the sky, only an endless stretch of blue. The whole atmosphere is that of a typical midsummer noon. Even the cattle standing under the elm tree seem to be immersed in the same listless, drowsy feeling. "The Sycamores" is a fine play of color. The clear blue of the water, the touches of red, with the brilliant lights and the shades of green, caused by the sun, is very harmonious. The queer brown and gray bark of the trees is well portrayed and the foliage is so dense that very little of the sky is seen. The soft, green grass with here and there a clump of crimson flowers, and a pretty little pool of water are quite pleasing.

Helen Ensey, '08. Eng. IV

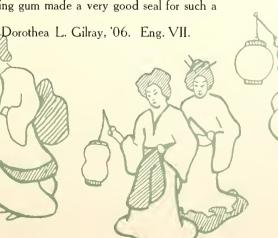
Another Emmy Lou

SHE is a typical Emmy Lou, endowed with her true heart, and she is a bit of a coquette. She is especially elated when she succeeds in doing some little wickedness unobserved. Just the other day, when Emmy Lou's teacher was off duty, something wicked crept into Emmy Lou's little soul and she determined to race with a comrade to a recitation. She chose a devious path, wound in and out among seats and desks, causing no end of commotion. Her heart quivered when she saw her dearly beloved's pink hair-ribbon flutter as its owner neared the goal. Emmy Lou hurried with all her might, but whose heavy hurried steps were coming behind her? Were they the teacher's? Had she been caught again in disobedience? Her tiny knees weakened; she felt something in her hand; she stopped short and looked with misty eyes upon—a package of chewing gum. She did not finish the race,—she looked back down the hall and beheld a small lad vanishing hastily through a door-way. That was enough!—all her little heart could endure. Why did he do it? But she guessed why. The chewing gum was to set aright the serious discord of two hearts.

I told Emmy Lou that I thought chewing gum made a very good seal for such a bond of friendship.









The Lone Match

ISCOURAGED and sad, a lonely match lay in its box, high up on the kitchen shelf. Its fellows had all been transferred to the match case, but in some way this one had been overlooked. For three days it had pondered how it could make its presence known, and for three nights it had vainly waited for someone to find it and use it. For it was considered a great honor to be among the first chosen in the whole box. But up in this dark corner the chances were, it would not be used at all.

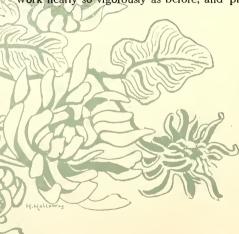
On the fourth evening as the match lay pondering on its sad fate, it heard Mary Ann, the cook, come into the kitchen and strike a match. The ray of light which suddenly shone through a crack in the box told it that the gas had been lighted, and its last hope was gone. With a heavy heart little "Blue Top" (as it had been called by the other matches) lay listening to Mary Ann's hurrying footsteps, and wondering which of its lucky companions she had chosen to light the gas with. Presently it began to be interested in the actions of Mary Ann, and wondered if, by standing up, it could not see what was going on in the kitchen.

So "Blue Top" jumped up and popped its little head out of the crack, and there, right before it, was the wonderful gas light. It envied the match which had given its life to produce this beautiful thing. But suddenly its envy was turned to horror, for there on the floor, where the cook had carelessly thrown it, lay the charred head of its companion. For a minute it forgot the true mission of a match, and was glad it had been overlooked, but as "Blue Top" was a very worthy match, the cowardly feeling was soon overcome. It decided, however, that if it must meet such a fate, it would do something greater than merely afford Mary Ann a light to get supper by.

Its attention was now turned to Mary Ann herself, who had just taken a pan of biscuits from the oven and was now turning to the meat. The clouds of steam which arose from the stove obstructed its vision a great deal of the time and it stretched its little neck until it fairly ached, trying to follow Mary Ann's actions. "Blue Top" liked her, for she could do so many funny things, and began to wish that it could do something for her, something more than any other match had ever done. But what could it do? Here it was away up in the dark corner with no possibility of ever being found. It was afraid to jump, and even if it did, she would only sweep it out.

The match was suddenly interrupted in its reverie by a loud rap at the door. Mary Ann's face lit up with a bright smile, and she dropped a spoon, and almost broke a tea cup in her haste to reach the door. When she opened it "Blue Top" could see a tall man outside. It wondered who this could be, and what he wanted with Mary Ann. She stayed fully twenty minutes at the door, talking in so low a tone that the match could not catch a word.

When she finally came back she seemed uneasy about something. She did not work nearly so vigorously as before, and presently she sat down and thought deeply.





"Blue Top" felt very sorry for her, and wished that it could help her. Presently it heard her say aloud:

"I know what I'll do, I'll burn a match and see if he loves me."

Here was its chance; there was no time for fear now, and with a leap it landed at her feet. Mary Ann looked surprised, but hastily picked it up, struck it, and watched it slowly burn. The match stood erect so that its head would not fall off, for then her heart would be sad. Mary Ann watched it carefully, and just as the little "Blue Top" breathed its last, it heard her exclaim joyously, "He loves me!"

Elsie Lamson, '06. Eng. VIII.

April Skies

PRIL skies are bright and fair, Flecked with white clouds everywhere. Made of sadness, made of sighs, Made of gladness, April skies, May my life forever be Fresh and fair and bright as thee! As thy tears bring flow'rs in May To cheer, mayhap, some dreary way, May mine bring high resolve to me And nobler purpose. May I see-As after rain and storm thou art— My way more clear, more plain my part. As sunshine follows e'er thy sighs, May gladness follow where'er lies Sadness for me, fair April skies! Irma Waldvogel, '07. Eng. VI. JMercer Kiyonaga etaitu er Education made Rajya



Cat-tail Bound

OFT winds that come and go To us are calling. Bearing on gentle wings Echoes of singing. Waits the light boat for thee. Float o'er the waves with me. Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!'



And the night was all that the song told, as it floated down the river. There was a peaceful quiet everywhere, for it was just that hour when the world pauses between the day's activity and the night's rest. Yet there was sound, for myriads of nightvoices were awakening to greet the moon. The gentle breeze that wafted the song, rippled the water and lifted the grass at our feet. The willows across the river were growing gray in the evening light and their long branches could scarcely be seen in the cool water. "Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!" The refrain came more faintly as the singers moved farther up the river. It recalled my companion and me from the dreamy spell of the place and hour and we remembered our purpose.

We had planned to go with the party of singers to a little island to see the moon rise, but had been delayed and now we were about to follow them. In a few minutes we were in a boat and pursuing them rapidly. "Yes," we thought, "we shall ioin them soon."

My friend sat primly in one end of the boat; she could not row and almost feared to speak, while I pulled diligently. So diligently did I pull that the direction became a matter of little importance. After an especially noble effort the boat plunged far into a thick growth of cat-tails. My companion gave one shrill shriek and then said in resignation, "We shall sit quietly and wait until some one comes to our rescue." We were, as it seemed, hopelessly entangled in a veritable forest of cat-tails, with a lower stratum of slimy green algae. The situation was thoroughly uncomfortable, as we knew this to be the haunt of venerable grand-daddy long legs, mosquitoes and numerous specimens for entomologists. As we sat quietly listening to the symphony of the water-bugs, the moon peeped inquisitively over the rushes at us. It looked like a Japanese print, the great round sphere of yellow with the dark silhouette of the cattails against it. But the beauty of the scene did not appeal to us then. This waiting was growing tiresome, both to Mrs. Grundy and myself. "Something has to be done," I remarked with emphasis. "Done, done," the frogs croaked sarcastically. Regardless of Mrs. Grundy's direful tales, I began to struggle with the oars. Though each moment seemed to entangle us more, I was persistent.

At last we were really free, out of the cat-tail forest. Slowly, patiently, I rowed toward the landing. We had seen the moon rise and we were willing to return. It was consoling to know that there would be more nights to see the moon rise. Did you speak, Mrs. Grundy, or was it a frog croaking, or only an echo?



Myrtle Johnson, '06. Eng. VII.

A Thanksgiving Story

T was Thanksgiving Day. Without, the snowflakes whirled merrily down. Within, a blazing fire glowed and spluttered in the library fireplace, glancing on the bronze images and marble busts on the bookcases, throwing a stray gleam, now and then, across the nose of a bust of Beethoven. The firelight shone also on a very much ruffled, discontented little girl, who sat kicking the head of a tiger-skin on the floor, and gazing indignantly into the fire. This was myself, on the morning of Thanksgiving Day.

My kitten, Snip, came into the room and rubbed himself against my foot. arching his back and purring loudly. I lifted him to the table by my side, and had quite an interesting conversation with him. I always told Snip my

troubles, and he never interrupted me in the telling, nor afterwards violated my confidence.

That morning I had gone to the kitchen to see if I could help cook, and what do you think she said? "Now, Miss, run away. Little girls must n't bother around Thanksgiving time. You better take a nice nap, so you'll be all fresh when the folks come this afternoon." Indignantly I marched back to the library, determined never to speak to cook again. "And now," I concluded, "what shall we do?" Snip looked wise and said nothing.

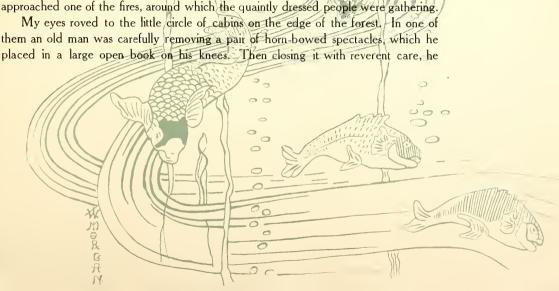
Along with my other determination, I had decided not to close my eyes that day. However, the glow of the fire was like balm to my wounded dignity, and before long I found my angry feelings subsiding, and my eyelids drooping, despite my most vigilant efforts to keep awake. The soft purr of Snip, who had fallen asleep, changed to the melancholy November wind that sighed through the trees. The dancing firelight and flickering shadows changed to leaves of crimson and gold and brown, that fluttered softly down and lay in shifting heaps on the bare ground. Men and women, dressed as I had seen them in old pictures, hurried to and fro, apparently very busy. Some were preparing the meat of deer and other smaller game for the great open fires in the center of the clearing, over which the women presided, turning the meat suspended from bent saplings. Others were coming in from the dense forest, laden with game.

On the outskirts of the busy little crowd, Indians squatted on the ground, smoking stolidly, or moved slowly about wrapped in their gay blankets, their long black hair decorated with feathers. A young girl stood near me. I was instantly attracted toward one near my own size, and although she was dressed in a strange fashion, there was something very sweet in her face, with the brown eyes and soft little curls, which her Puritan cap tried in vain to repress. Her short-waisted, long gray dress would have been severe in its extreme plainness, if a broad white kerchief had not been folded across her shoulders. She smiled at me and I went nearer. In a few moments we approached one of the fires, around which the quaintly dressed people were gathering.

My eyes roved to the little circle of cabins on the edge of the forest. In one of them an old man was carefully removing a pair of horn-bowed spectacles, which he









gently laid it on the shelf at his elbow and getting stiffly to his feet, came out and joined those already assembled.

In another cabin, a short, sturdily built, little man was rubbing and polishing a long curved sword. His hair and beard were slightly grizzled, but his whole figure had a look of strength and power, strangely at variance with his small stature. At last he finished, hung the sword upon the wall, and stepped back to view the result of his labors. It did not seem to please him, for he took it down again, and rubbed it with great energy on one place near the hilt. After this he seemed satisfied, and with an expression of great content, hung it on the wall and came toward us. His benignant expression changed, however, as he came near us, and his glance was very dire, indeed, as he looked at my companion.

Priscilla was talking with a young man, who had come up, unnoticed by me. The wind ruffled his flaxen hair, and his honest blue eyes had the look of a student. Exposure had scarcely tanned his fair face, but for all that, he looked every inch a manly man. The rising wind moaned through the now bare branches. Priscilla tried to withdraw her hand, but I tightened my hold. There was a soft purr and Snip slipped from my grasp and sprang to the floor. The dying embers of the fire fell apart and lay in a smoldering heap of ashes.

Minnie Ruster, '09. Eng. I.

A Successful Wooing

E hesitated at the door, but seeing Her seated in the room came eagerly in with a tender smile on his face. He took a seat facing and as near as possible to the object of his adoration and sat there and gazed at Her ardently, his soul in his eyes, and thus they met for the first time. After this he came each day and made sacrifices at the shrine of his devotion. The tributes consisted of carefully gathered passages from literature, sometimes flowery expositions of certain poems and yet again, but rarely, opinions on general reading. And She accepted these offerings sometimes with a smile and then the youth's heart bounded with joy. But, alas! sometimes She frowned and then his heart was sad and his head was bowed with grief.

And so passed a half year and one day the youth came for the last time to learn his fate and lo, he found to his great joy that his ardent wooing had conquered and he had won—an A+ from his teacher.

Robert Lindley, '06. Eng. VII.





The Soul of Japan

URING the Great Peace in Japan there were two clans, the Fujiwara and the Taira. The Taira were all powerful. The Mikado was but a puppet in its hands, since he was kept in its stronghold and surrounded with all manner of weakening influences. Now the leaders of the Fujiwara were two powerful bakufu (nobles), Hojo and his brother. Hojo, early trained as a Samurai, most honored of the land, was set in his purpose to remove his Mikado from the influence of the Taira and make him what he was thought to be, the ruler of the world. So he received the two swords, the armor and the ring of the Samurai, and after two years' comradeship with them, he had pledged a band to rescue the Mikado.

A month before the time set for an attack upon the Taira stronghold, Hojo was guarding a cleft in a precipice on the seacoast near his own castle. Not far away was an eta village. From time beyond which the oldest men had no knowledge, the eta had been outcasts. They were considered of another race, and were prohibited from living with, or worshipping the same gods as, the Samurai. Their touch was contamination and they were forced to perform the most menial of tasks. It happened one day that as a maiden approached, his companions shrank, menacing her with their swords, crying, "Eta! eta!" Hojo likewise shrank back, for what right had an eta to walk on the ground trod by a Samurai? But for an instant their glances met, and thenceforth there was no peace in his heart. As he watched on the cliff with the sea thundering beneath him he thought of her constantly. He, a Samurai, loved a despised eta.

In the night he went to the Shrine of the Silver Lake. The moonlit lake reflected the ringed bamboo half hiding the sacred shrine and was polluted by the image of a Samurai, traitor to his vows. He felt his ancestors raging at him, and scorning him, who had betrayed their faith. To get the maiden meant everlasting separation from his country, his Mikado and his own blood. His ambition to rescue his Mikado would be lost. The maiden, seemingly carried by the moonlight, floated across the lake and beckoned to him. Ungirding his swords and armor he laid them beside the shrine, and with one last look at the spot to which he could never return, went down the path, through the Torii, or Sacred Gateway, to his own castle. He told his brother and aged father of his struggle and decision. He finished, fell upon his knees and begged forgiveness, but his father drew away.

"Do you forget you were a Samurai and bakufu, and now are an eta? You are no longer my son; I have but one son. Go!"

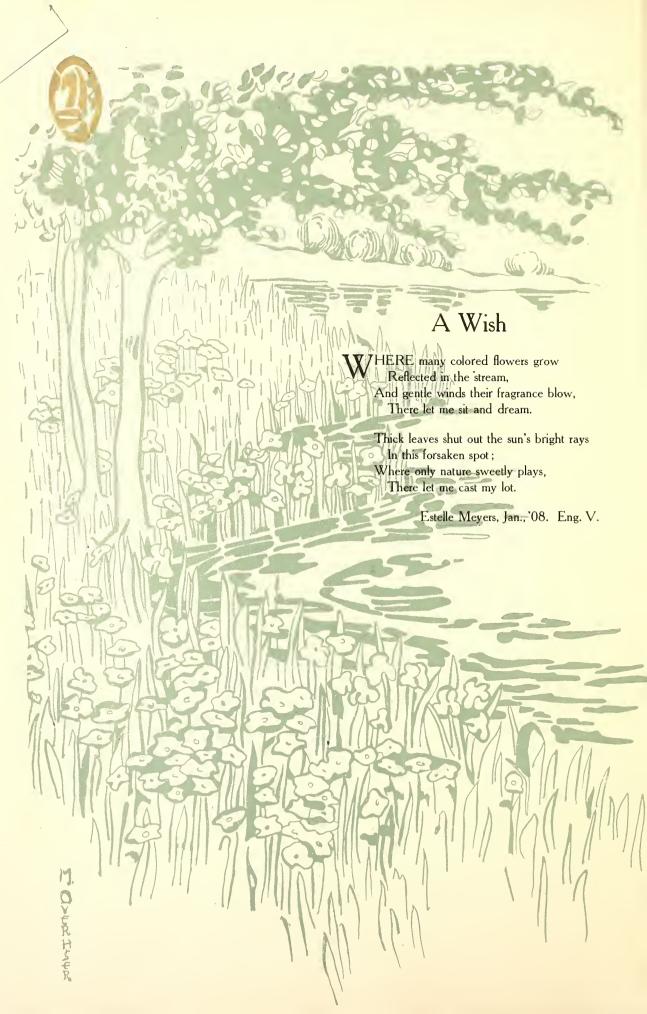
A band of Tartar sea rovers had been beaten off, and the dead were yet lying where they had fallen. Near a heap of slain invaders, blocking a cleft in a great cliff, lay an old man in the garb of an eta. Over him a woman crouched and wept. With his right hand he pressed a sword of the Samurai to his forehead and on his finger was a curiously wrought ring with the letters "Yamato Damashi," meaning the Soul of Japan.

Lex Dickey, '06. Eng. VII.

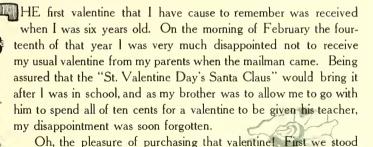








A First Valentine

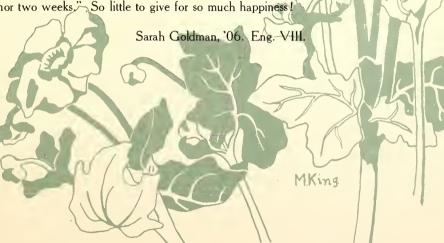


a long time before the gayly decorated drug-store windows, partly to determine upon the valentine we liked best, but most of all to enjoy the consciousness that we had more right than any of the other children to stare in at the beautiful love-offerings, for were we not to spend more money than any of them? Then after taking a trip of inspection to the windows of another drug-store in the vicinity, we decided

a trip of inspection to the windows of another drug-store in the vicinity, we decided on the first one. Although we entered pompously, we were overcome with nervousness by the time we reached the counter and the grave-looking "drug-store-man" asked us what we wished. However, when one of us failed in words, the other was ready to take up the request, and between us the clerk was made to understand that we wanted the prettiest valentine in the window. But, alas, it cost more than ten cents. Then we had to make another choice and somehow there wasn't half as much time to make it in as there was when we were outside. Finally we decided on one, and what a brilliant one! Every color of the rainbow was represented and the gold and lace paper were not lacking. Inside was written in beautiful verse, the undying love of the giver and the humble request that the recipient would be his valentine. Not that we selected it for what it said—oh no, for no one paid any attention to that; all that was necessary was a pretty picture with lace paper, and the more colors, the better.

How proudly my brother carried that valentine to school, holding it stiffly with both hands before him! As a special favor he allowed me to carry it while he counted twenty-five. All that morning I found myself thinking of the wonderful valentine and how pleased the teacher would be with it. Imagine, then, how surprised I was when I met my brother coming home from school carrying disconsolately under his arm, the valentine. In answer to my excited questions I found that he "Didn't like that teacher nohow," and after much diplomacy, that she had caught him whispering and had put him in the corner. And then came the joyous part of it all.

He presented me with the valentine saying, "Now Sis, I'm going to give you this valentine, but you must promise never, never to tattle-tale on me, and you must always do just ezackely what I say, and you must give me half of all your cakes and apples for morether nor two weeks." So little to give for so much happiness!





The Last Violin

E sat there in the weird firelight, a quaint old man. His hair was long and silver white, and it hung in a fantastic way about an old, old face. There in the dancing firelight his aged form looked bent and worn with care and time, and only his deep-set, penetrating eyes danced and shone with the lustre of youth.

The room was bare and small, and, in a word, quaint as he who lived and worked there. The light from the broad hearth shone here and there and touched gently the old, old things everywhere. But the fleeting light revealed the strange objects for but a single moment at a time, giving a weird, fantastic appearance to everything. Yet there was light enough, there being now no one to see save only the old man and he had seen the things often before.

Perhaps some such thought as this dwelt in his mind now as he bowed his tired head upon his thin, white fingers, for now and again his voice rose in a dull murmur, above the crackling noise of the fire. "I was not always so alone," he said softly, "it was not always so quiet, so deathly still. There were friends' voices once, but I was young then, young and care-free and that was long, long ago. There is no comfort now but work, my work." So speaking he arose and lit a single candle, and turned to a great chest by the wall. Lifting its lid, he took out a piece of carved wood, beautiful and quaint in the flickering light.

He sought his work bench and setting down the candle near by, he worked, measuring and fitting with patient, firm hands. As he worked, his aged face beamed with joy. "Ah! This shall be the masterpiece," he whispered. "For months and months I have worked. The rest were beautiful, but you! Oh, I have never loved any as I love you, work of my old hands. They shall see that an old man can make violins yet. The young men have not learned all the art. No, that requires years of work, real work." So he worked, murmuring words of endearment from time to time. The candle sputtered at times and the old violin-maker mended the wick, impatient that he must stop his work. And so he worked through the long hours, carefully, quietly for the most part, till at last the candle burned down and with a last flicker went out. Then he stopped and gently, by the dying firelight, put his work away and soon the room was quiet and the old man slept.

So the days and weeks went on and the violin-maker worked from day to day, patiently save when his aged hands refused to do his bidding. Then in a fit of strange anger he would walk up and down the quaint old workshop, where he had lived so many years. Day by day the work grew more beautiful and his face beamed with joy and pride. He had been well known in his youth, but now his friends were gone and the young did not know him. The people called him queer and laughed not altogether unkindly when they saw his quaint figure in the street or at the auctions which he frequented. The auctioneer knew him too, as "the old fellow" who bought rare bedsteads, and laughed good-naturedly when he was mentioned.

In his workshop the rare old wood was carefully examined and only the best pieces were put into his "Stradivarius model," so called because it was modeled after the beautiful instrument which he himself had owned for many years.

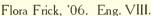






Now as the winter passed, the beautiful pieces were all carved ready to be put together. With fast beating heart and trembling with excitement he worked, fitting the pieces together, until only one more piece, the most beautifully carved of all of them, remained to be put in. He lifted it and gently, firmly set to work, but old hands are not so strong as young, and old eyes are dim at times and candle light is but unsteady for such delicate work as violin making, and the last piece was too small by a full thirty-second of an inch, not much perhaps in other things, but far, far too much in such work as this.

For a moment he sat dazed and then trembling with grief and anger that this last dearest friend should fail him, he threw it upon the floor and stamped upon the work which had required such expenditure of time and patience, stamped upon it until it could not be distinguished from the shavings and cast-off wood under his feet. Then he tottered to his chair beside the fireplace and there was no sound save that of the falling embers and the sputtering candle. As the night advanced the fire burned lower and lower and at last burned itself out, leaving only the red embers, but these, too, soon died. Still he did not move, but sat there, tired and discouraged. An old man's life work was done.



Robin Hood Buyeth Lunch

a crisp, fresh morning in June, as the little birds chirped in bush and tree, long before the sun had dried the dew from leaf and blade, bold Robin, with Will Scarlet and Little John, set forth from the greenwood shade in search of adventure.

"Marry," quoth Robin, "methinks't were well we turned our steps toward Nottinghamshire, for long has it been since our good friend the sheriff has had cause to think of our jolly company."

So on they strode through hedges and byways, past cottage and castle, trolling many a song and bantering with every fair lass they met, until the towers of the town glittered in the sun before them.

"By 'r Lady," spake Little John, halting in the dusty road and looking sorrowfully at his companions, "I would I had a loaf of good bread or a pasty and skin of stout beer to wash it down withal, for my stomach grips me like a vise and I fear we would fare but ill an we fell in with any sheriff's men."

"Well said," laughed Robin, "and now I think me on 't, I can recognize a feeling in me as much like yours as two peas in a pod; albeit I know of no inn or cottage where three hungry lads might eat their fill 'twixt here and yonder town. So let us trust the good Saint Dunstan will take pity on us."

So on they marched, three abreast, swinging their staves and whistling merrily, till







VIBRATY

after wandering up one street and down another they passed a large, substantial-looking inn set close to the roadside, and from which came the smell of pastry and the clink of flagons.

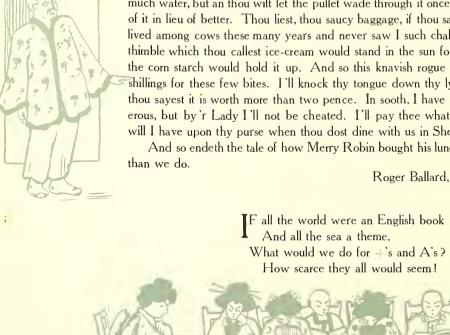
"Bide thee here under this tree," quoth Jolly Robin, "while I see what the good Saint hath sent us." So in he went at the kitchen door while the two were left outside to pray for his speedy return.

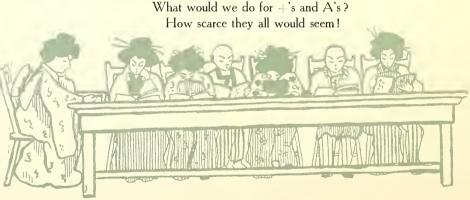
The tap-room was crowded with many folk who surged to and fro along the table laden with viands, seizing what they could and cramming much into their mouths before they reached the host, who stood at the head of the board and reckoned up the bill of each guest.

Now in plunged Robin, for he had a stout heart and a mighty hunger beneath his jacket. He first forced his way to the sandwiches, but as he neared the pile his spirits fell. "Prithee, thou rascally knave," he called to the eagle-faced youngster behind the table, "wouldst thou sell me chips with a shaving of meat for four pence? An thou canst give me no better food than this, I'll e'en dust thy jacket. Speak up, thou varlet! Hast thou no sauce in bulk like the samples set out in yonder dishes? By the bones of good Saint Abigail, this is a beggarly house. There is not enough in all those dishes to dust our gullets withal. Here, these half-cooked pullet eggs will I take to Will Scarlet and these cakes and eke this cheese will serve to whet the hunger of Little John. A murrain seize thee for thy stingy fare! This half-burnt meat and these cold potatoes I must e'en take or starve. Thou ape-faced loon, stand not grinning at thy betters! An thou were half my size I would crack thy pate for thy impertinence. I'll burn a hundred pound of candles at the altar of the Virgin for a brown pasty and a fat skin of ale. Now out upon it! Call you that chicken soup? 'T was a shame to spoil so much water, but an thou wilt let the pullet wade through it once more, I'll take a bowl of it in lieu of better. Thou liest, thou saucy baggage, if thou sayest that 's milk. I've lived among cows these many years and never saw I such chalky liquid. An yonder thimble which thou callest ice-cream would stand in the sun for half an hour and still the corn starch would hold it up. And so this knavish rogue would charge me five shillings for these few bites. I'll knock thy tongue down thy lying gullet for thee, an thou sayest it is worth more than two pence. In sooth, I have a name for being generous, but by'r Lady I'll not be cheated. I'll pay thee what thou wilt, but no pity will I have upon thy purse when thou dost dine with us in Sherwood."

And so endeth the tale of how Merry Robin bought his lunch and fared no better

Roger Ballard, '06. Eng. VIII.





The Wanderlust

HE Wanderlust is the passion which causes men to wander

over the face of the earth. Once possessed by the "wanderlust" one becomes a nomad, a rambler through strange places. It is this fancy, only in a small degree, which we follow in our pleasure trips, such as they are. Did you ever take a long drive of twenty miles or so for pleasure? "No," you say, "Too slow for me. When I want to go any place, I go at the rate of sixty miles an hour by rail or auto."

But in the very fact that it is slow lies the charm of a pleasure drive. That is to get away from the haste and rush

and push of the strenuous life. I like to have a good horse to pull me and take a long drive, devouring the freshness of the morning, drinking in the beauty of the forest, the sweet simplicity of the country. I like to stop at each hilltop to admire the view, looking off across the country for a mile or two over field and forest to the river "winding somewhere safe to the sea." I descend the hill and follow the road which winds through the fields, then straggles through the woods. I loiter slowly along the river road where the sycamore and willows grow. I stop at a farm house, half hidden from the road by trees and shrubbery, for dinner, and in the afternoon I rove on through fields and meadows and a little song of Richard Hovey's comes to me,

"Whose furthest footstep hath never strayed beyond the village of his birth Is but a lodger for the night in this old Wayside Inn of Earth. Tomorrow he shall take his pack and set out for the ways beyond On the trail from star to star, an alien and a vagabond."

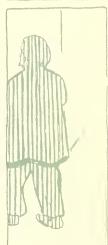
Maurice Thompson, '06. Eng. VII.

OH, what is so cruel as a day in June?
Then if ever come trying days,
And teachers try pupils if they be in tune
And over each, heavily, hard work lays.
Whether we work or whether we listen
We hear summer call and we see it glisten.
Every one feels a thrill of delight,
A longing within that rises and towers,
But, heavy laden with books, each night
Trudges home midst sighs and June showers.











Moods

HE world has been so glad today!

Across the grass the lazy sunbeams lay

And drowsy winds sighed softly through the trees.

I dreamed of my fair ships a-sailing on the sea,

And of the precious freight they bore to me,

And life seemed good; all I had dreamed would be,

For I was glad.

The world has been so sad today!

Only black clouds where the sunbeams lay.

Fierce, wild thoughts within me burn,

And I know now my ships will ne'er return,

And naught will be for which I yearn,

And I am sad today.

Ramona Bookwalter, '06. Eng. VII.



The Character of Macbeth

ACBETH! What an infinite number of problems and ideas come to the reader's mind at the mention of that bloody tyrant of Scotland! There is an involuntary shudder when the mind's eye sees the midnight murder of the kind and generous Duncan, the treacherous slaughter of Banquo, the unreasonable sacrifice of Lady Macduff and her son. Yet in spite of all the atrocious crimes, the reader feels sorry for, and sympathizes with, the perpetrator. This feeling, which seems unnatural, is but acknowledging the greatness of Shakespeare; for in his portrayal of the character of

Macbeth one sees, in turn, a hero and a loving husband, but he also sees a murderer and a tyrant.

It is generally believed that there is evil in everyone, and that the great battle of this life is to overcome this evil, to trample it under one's feet. In Macbeth is portrayed a noble and heroic man overcome by this evil; a generous soul suffering the terrible consequences of yielding to temptation; a man suffering the agony of an accusing and never silent conscience. The truth of the statement that yielding to one temptation makes it easier to yield to another is admirably shown in Macbeth.

First is shown a heroic and courageous general, an idol of the people; highly honored by his king, a man who has twice saved his country. Nevertheless he has entertained an ambition to become king. It is not known definitely how long he has entertained this ambition, but he certainly had thought of it before his first meeting with



the "Weird Sisters," because these witches did not put wickedness into men's hearts, but if it is there they bring it out and lure men to destruction. Also, when Macbeth is hailed as he "that shalt be king hereafter," Banquo says,

"Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?"

It is but logical to conclude that Macbeth was very much surprised and startled to hear that which he had secretly thought and which he supposed was known only to himself.

Next is pictured a man who has plotted, but who does not have the will-power to carry out his plans. How weak he is! How he tries to persuade himself that the end justifies the means! But "Fair is foul and foul is fair", and the murder is committed. After the deed is done, his conscience is even more active than before, and it is now that the reader is introduced to Macbeth, the sufferer. It is here that the conscience-stricken man says.

"The innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care, The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast."

After one murder is committed, how easy it is to commit another! How easy it was for Macbeth to kill the two chamberlains who guarded the king! But nevertheless, Macbeth is afraid of his own thoughts. What a lengthy speech he makes after he has killed the two chamberlains and is asked by Macduff, "Wherefore did you so?" He talked to forget his own thoughts.

He is crowned. He has realized his life's ambition! But in so doing he has lost his soul! In his unrest and troubled state of mind he causes the murder of Banquo, then follows quickly the flight of Macduff, the murder of Lady Macduff and son, the madness of Lady Macbeth and the retribution that is sure to follow. Macbeth welcomes death, for he feels the same as Lady Macbeth did when she said,

"Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content;
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.'



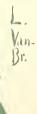


A Study of a Character

HAT Baxter was unpopular was evidenced very early in the semester. Boys and girls, alike, regarded him with disfavor and were ever on their guard to repulse his slightest advances toward friendliness. They assumed a frigid air when speaking to him, which if he noticed, and he certainly must have, for it was ridiculously apparent at all times, surely caused him to live through long, dark hours of pain and despair. He confided in no one, however, but bravely struggled on, facing the conflict alone, like a true knight who expected no reward while on earth. Born in an earlier age he might have become a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, for he was so persistent in the heat of battle and so daring in the face of impending wrath. Perhaps this was due to his guileless faith and implicit trust in those about him. Nothing seemed to hit him, and one wondered if he realized that his classmates took infinite delight in playing upon his trustful nature.

Winning honors in several different intellectual fields of the school, Baxter gained a surprising amount of confidence in his own ability that was beautiful to behold, though this same confidence was destined to be a misguiding beacon up the hillside to popularity. Aided by his inborn persistence and lured on by this newly acquired confidence, he energetically pressed his suit among the young ladies of his class. Now, as a rule, young ladies wish to be sought after with all the dash, daring, and persistence the young man can muster up for the occasion, but Baxter unfortunately seemed to be an exception to this, as he was to most rules. Some of the leaders in Baxter's repulsion wormed out of the proposition by declaring that he never knew when he was n't wanted, though others frankly said that he was too tall, or too slender, or that he used some unpleasant perfumes on his clothes, as the case might be. He may have been open to one or all of these criticisms, but the sum and substance of his unpopularity was simply this, he had started wrong from the beginning. He wished to please and it became known, so consequently everyone did his best to illustrate that wishing and doing are two different things.

As time went on, however, he began to be accepted as one of the necessary evils of this world. Through many a class party dance, he wandered around the hall asking girl after girl for the honor of the dance. Some were often unfortunately seized with fits of coughing, or were tired out. Others simply shook their heads and dropped their eyes in order not to be drawn into dancing with him through sympathy. In fact, offairs were in a tragic state, and Baxter's fate hung in the balance. He, however, remained calm and imperturbable through all these buffets, like an evening constellation on the dark blue sky, beautiful and bright. Unloved, unsought, but ever hopeful, he worked out his daily problems by himself, helping those whom he could, though he remained unthanked for his efforts. Steadily, gradually, like the revealing of fairyland scenes on the stage by lifting the curtains, the eyes of Baxter's classmates began to open and they beheld something strangely new and admirable about him. Some pinched themselves in order to be sure they were awake, for they began to realize







that Baxter was really a factor in their school world. Words of praise surged to their lips, yet they repressed them, remembering with shame how often they had sought to repulse him. By this time Baxter himself began to see clearly and to analyze the meaning of things. Doubt as to his worthiness chained him within himself until one day, amid the hearty praises and congratulations of his classmates, he found, and thrilled with joy at the finding, that he had been chosen valedictorian of his class.

Anna Gaston, 06 Eng. VIII.

A Life Lesson

(With apologies to Mr. Riley)

THERE, little girl; do n't cry!
They 've given you a "D," I know;
And a "C con," too,
And you feel blue,
And wish you had died long ago;
But report card troubles will soon pass by
There, little girl; do n't cry!

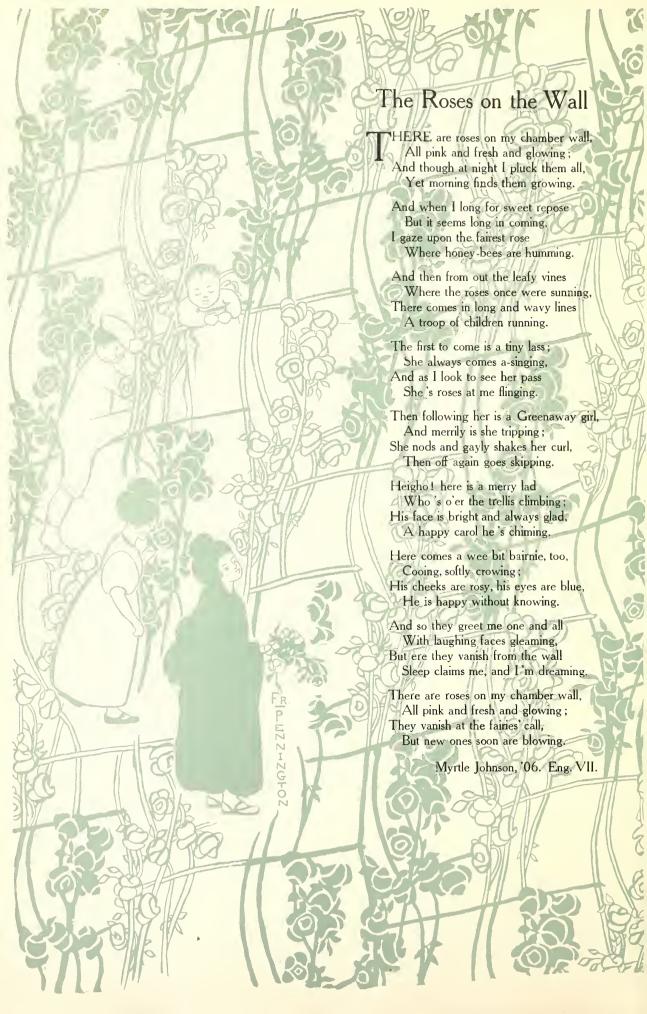
There, little girl; do n't cry!
The soup tastes flat, l know;
And the coffee, too,
Has a muddy hue,
And the sandwiches taste like dough;
But the small toothpick you did not buy—
There, little girl; do n't cry!

There, little girl; do n't cry!
You were late for the first hour, l know;
And the street-car "stall"
With dear Mr. Hall
Was a story of long ago;
Vacation holds all for which you sigh—
There, little girl; do n't cry!

Edwin Woods, '07. Eng. VII.







ORGANIZATIONS

January Class of 1906

N the tenth of February in the year of 1902 there entered the rortals of the Manual Training High School, a band of students to be known later as the class of January 1906. Conspicuous at first on account of their blunders, characteristic of all 9B's, they soon dropped into oblivion. And for two years they worked faithfully, experiencing the hum-drum existence of first and second year high school life.

In January, 1904, the June '04 Class having managed the Mirror for one year, gave the publication of the school paper into the hands of January 1906 students, then 11B's. A board of editors was chosen, who immediately began a successful publication of the Mirror. The officers elected for the first term were: President, Horace Nordyke; vice-president, Fred Wellman; secretary-treasurer, Walter Shiel. "Do today thy nearest duty" was chosen the motto of the class. The students also selected a class pin, the design of which was made by one of their own number, Marie Goth.

In the fall of 1904, having climbed to the 11A round of the high school ladder, the larger part of the class entered Miss Foy's room and elected new officers. The class leaders for the term were: President, Fred Wellman; vice-president, Margaret Geiger; treasurer, Herman Klentschy; secretary, Bessie Bristow.

During this half year the January 1906 Literary Club was formed. After running successfully for a term, June '06 students were admitted and the organization became the Senior Literary Club. During the holidays a party was given by the class members in honor of Horace Nordyke and Chester Barnett, who had received appointments to Annapolis and West Point respectively.

In January, 1905, a number of the boys, together with some boys of the June 1906 class formed a literary club and called themselves the "Scops," the bards of ancient England. Miss Foy acted as honorary member of this organization and Clark Mick was president. Elmer Raschig wrote a play, entitled "The Bitter Bite, or the Biter Bit", which the club presented in the auditorium. The proceeds, fifty dollars, were given to Mr. Emmerich for the use of the orchestra.

The officers elected for the first senior term were: President, James Deery; vice-president, Anna Gaston; treasurer, Jesse Johnson; secretary, Bernice Sinclair. By reason of President Deery's prolonged illness and withdrawal from school, Anna Gaston became president and in June accepted the scepter from the June '05 Class.

In September, 1905, the class entered upon its last term of high school life under the following officers: President, Cecil Huffer; vice-president, Anna Gaston; treasurer, Frank Dixon; secretary, Bernice Sinclair; prophet, Rudolph Miller; poet, Frank Dixon; historian, Herman Deupree.

The class-day plays—one a comic opera based on the general school life, by Rudolph Miller and Frank Dixon, and the play woven about the class poem, history and prophecy—proved to be great successes and a fitting close to a career of four years.







THE RECEPTION

June 1906

Motto: "Who lacks an aim. ne'er finds success."

I OPEN a book that lies before me. It is the chronicles of the June Class of 1906. Written neatly across the top of each of the four pages in the book, is the name of one of Shakespeare's plays, suggesting the characteristic feature of that year of our class history. The first reads, "A Comedy of Errors;" the second, "Much Ado About Nothing;" the third, "As You Like It;" the last, "All's Well That Ends Well."

Pinned to the top of the third page is a short piece of green ribbon. How clearly I remember the endless debate over every color imaginable and the final adoption of Nile green. Next there follows a memorandum concerning the adoption of our neat little class pin. And on this page, too, is an article I shall copy verbatim:

"Class officers for the year 1904 and 1905, first term: President, Carl H. O. Adam; vice-president, Maude Darnall; treasurer, Merritt Harrison; secretary, Ruth Steele; second term: President, Rudolph Jose; vice-president, Ramona Bookwalter; treasurer, Roger Ballard; secretary, Dorothea Gilray."

The ghost of the class picnic (which was to be, but never was) rises before me. I turn the page. The Junior class is no more. Only the memory of the kindly assistance of Miss Wentz and of the happy days spent in rooms 29 and 30 remains.

The fourth year opens auspiciously. The Senior Literary Club, the Debating Club, and the Dramatic Club are all led by members of our class. The Annual is awarded us by the faculty, and no organization exists that does not feel the life and touch of "June 1906" aggressiveness. Some one has called us the "Class of Clubs." This nickname will probably be our inheritance, because of the existence of twelve fraternities and sororities in our class, out of a total of twenty in the school.

The events of the last year follow each other in rapid succession. The class party at Woodruff Place Hall, the many receptions in the gymnasium, the busy 12A term, preparations for the Annual and class day, mark the period as one of pleasure and industry. Those who led the class during this term were: President, Phillip Harvey; vice-president, Marguerite Whitsit; secretary, Flora Frick; treasurer, Arthur Simpson.

The 12A term from February, 1906, to June, 1906: President, Robert Rhoads; vice-president, Gladys Harlow; treasurer, Arthur Simpson; secretary, Beulah Wise. The class-day officers: Prophet, Roger Ballard; poet, Dorothea Gilray; historian, Myrtle Johnson.

Myrtle Johnson.

I close the book. Only a few days more and we shall be 12A's no longer. Our pictures will grace the rapidly increasing frames in the corridor, and the "scrub seniors" will reign in our stead. A flag staff, the Canterbury Pilgrims, and a trophy case, alone will remind the school of the largest class ever graduated from the M. T. H. S. May "June 1906" live long in the memory of its alma mater.

January Class 1907

BRIGHT and early on the morning of January 25, 1903, about two hundred 9Bs entered Manual. For two or three days they journeyed up the winding stair in search of the "Gym," and dodged behind anything available when Mr. Emmerich's shadow approached. It was not long, however, before they learned the existing code of laws and the penalties attached, the manners and customs of the institution, and the prerogatives of a senior.

Overwhelmed by these superimposed conditions they assumed a humble posture at the bottom of the M. T. H. S. ladder of learning,

"Whereto the climber upward turned his face,
But when he once attains the senior round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks for the Elysian field and scorns the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

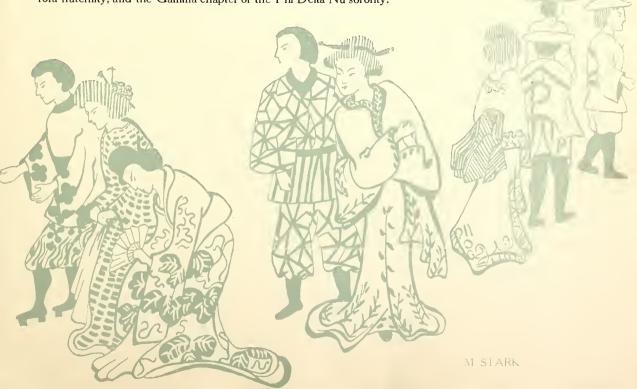
When the aforesaid boys and girls reached the 11B round, self-confidence began to assert itself; they organized the January 1907 class and the management of the Mirror was intrusted into their hands. They edited the school paper successfully for one year, although the obstacles and discouragements which they encountered were many. At the end of the year the staff was able to give twenty-five dollars to its successors, and to present thirty-seven dollars to Mr. Emmerich for the general fund to be used for the benefit of the school.

At the time of organization, April, 1905, it was found that only eighty-six students were eligible for membership. Many had left school, some had dropped by the wayside, and twenty brilliant "sharks" had been promoted and will complete the course in three and one-half years. The class now numbers fifty-two and the officers are: Milton Sternberger, president; Bertha Craven, vice-president; Grace Arnold, secretary; Carl Buddenbaum, treasurer; Harry Levey, poet; Leona Templeton, historian; and John Kraft, prophet. Old gold is the class color. "To strive, to seek, to find, but not to yield" has been chosen for the motto. While the social life of the class of January 1907 has been very limited, there are five organizations which meet frequently for social pleasure, namely, the Lona Honden, Britannia, Miggimfian, Tuscorora fraternity, and the Gamma chapter of the Phi Delta Nu sorority.











June 1907

In the third year, when the children of June 1907 had come from the land of Sophomores, the same year came they into the twenty-eighth and ninth kingdoms of the second floor. Juniors these people were called, and, according to the custom of their ancestors, they held a council and banded themselves into a nation. And it came to pass that the people bestowed the crown on the Pielian dynasty. The new king, Herbert I, was wise and chose an excellent ministry to care for the weal of the people. Jessie, of the house of Bowlus, became the right-hand counselor and second in the kingdom. All the laws and the proceedings were recorded by Franc of Wilhite, a wise minister and famed for her seat on the Honor Roll. Over against the treasury, night and day sat the faithful Minister of the Exchequer, Arthur, Lord Berndt.

In the thirty-ninth day of the reign of Herbert I a most important event occurred, The people rose as one and demanded to know the color of their banner, so that the dignified tribe of Seniors might recognize all the "07ites of the month of June." At the council called by the King one Junior spoke earnestly for yellow, much to the mirth of the people, who generally desired emerald green. Green was a color, they declared, by which the mighty walls of Manualdom might be gayly decked during graduation week in June 1907. So when green, like unto an emerald, was chosen, Herbert I appointed a board of inquiry to investigate the matter of pins. And the people said it was well.

But one day near the ninth of February, the ministry arose under the banner of Arthur, Lord Berndt, and a movement was instituted to place the Minister of the Exchequer on the throne with the title of "King Cotton the First." Long was the revolt and mighty, but the soldiers of the old king remained faithful. At each of six battles the supporters of King Herbert gained ground; after a final rally a seventh battle was fought, and Lord Berndt and his forces were defeated. Loud was the jubilation in the Kingdom.

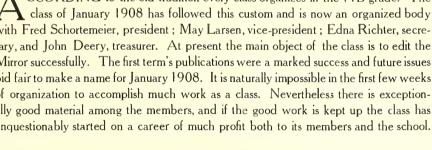
Straightway the people punished the revolters and an entirely new ministry was chosen. Second in the Kingdom stood the fair Lenore, daughter of Templeton, and the rollicking, frolicking songster, Merle of Bennett succeeded Lord Berndt as Minister of the Exchequer. Lady Georgia, of the house of Humphrey, was made Chief Scribe.

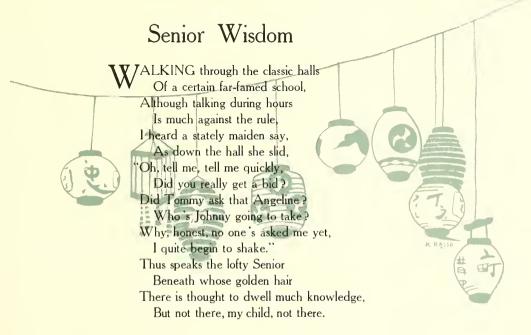
Thus a new ministry being formed, tranquility was restored and King Herbert entered into a famous reign, first because he was wise and knowing, and second because of Lady Lenore's able assistance. And the people, happy and peaceful, voted them their thanks and a blessing.



January 1908

CCORDING to the old tradition every class organizes in the 11B grade. The class of January 1908 has followed this custom and is now an organized body with Fred Schortemeier, president: May Larsen, vice-president: Edna Richter, secretary, and John Deery, treasurer. At present the main object of the class is to edit the Mirror successfully. The first term's publications were a marked success and future issues bid fair to make a name for January 1908. It is naturally impossible in the first few weeks of organization to accomplish much work as a class. Nevertheless there is exceptionally good material among the members, and if the good work is kept up the class has unquestionably started on a career of much profit both to its members and the school.











The Debating Club

URING the early part of October, 1905, the Debating Club was reorganized under a new constitution, with a definite plan for the year 1905-1906. The officers elected for the school year were: President, Carl H. O. Adam; vice-president, Irvin E. Deer; secretary-treasurer, Will Schiltges. Throughout the year the untiring efforts of Mr. Bacon, the censor of the club, have done much to promote debating in the school. The Sigma Delta Epsilon fratemity presented the club with a handsome silver trophy, to be contested for annually,

and this, together with the two medals, also given by the fraternity, has contributed to the impetus given to debating this year. One medal is of gold, which will be awarded to the debater making the highest average in the Debating Cup Series, and the other is of silver, which will be given the one winning second in the series.

According to the plan carried out by the club, the Cup Debating Series consisted of a series of seven debates, three of which were called "preliminaries;" three, "main debates," and the "Sigma cup debate" itself. Each of the preliminaries preceded a main debate, and were held after school in the auditorium. Every member of the club competed, but only the six highest point-winners qualified for the succeeding main debate, which was held in the auditorium in the presence of the older section of the school. Finally, the six debaters whose averages were best in the first six debates qualified for the seventh contest—the Sigma cup debate. Another qualification for entering the prize debate required every cup debater to have participated in at least two preliminaries and one main debate.

During the progress of the series, interest among the students and the faculty grew rapidly. Mr. Emmerich encouraged the growth of debating, and the Cup Debating Series promises to be of great interest in the yearly annals of Training School.

In the course of the first six debates, questions mostly of local interest were discussed. The desirability of co-education, the abolishment of capital punishment, and the greater opportunities of the present-day youth were the subjects for the three preliminaries. The first main debate occurred on the afternoon previous to the Thanksgiving day football game. The subject was an appropriate one,—Resolved, "That interscholastic football promotes the best interest of high schools,"—and, strange as it may seem at such a time, the negative debaters won the judges' decision. On February 16, again a question of local interest was discussed,—Resolved, "That the present high school course should be shortened to three years." The third main debate, on April 20, attracted much attention in the school, owing to the presence of six Filipino students at Manual. The permanent retention of the Philippine Islands was the subject of the contest.

At all the debates, members of the faculty served as judges, and the kindly expressions of interest and encouragement from the teachers did much to insure the success of debating.



The Sigma Cup Debate

The final debate in the series of seven has been arranged by the Debating Club for the morning of June 8, 1906. Two auditorium periods will be given to the contest, and the affair promises to be of unusual interest, for the members of the club have worked diligently for a year, aiming ultimately to achieve success in the prize debate.

The Sigma cup will be presented to the members of the winning side, and their names will be engraved upon the cup. The two medals will also be presented at the conclusion of the prize contest. Carl Adam is already assured of the gold medal, while Irvin Deer will in all probability win the silver medal.

Three disinterested lawyers of the city will act as judges, and the sides have been chosen as follows: Affirmative, Will Schiltges, Fred Schortemeier, and Irvin Deer; negative, Roger Ballard, Rudolph Jose, and Carl Adam.

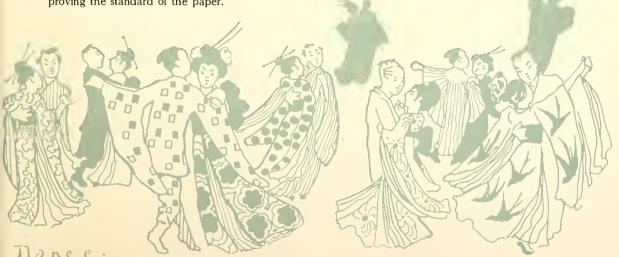
The Mirror

THE MIRROR, the official publication of our school, probably wields the greatest influence of any organization in the school. It is now being managed and edited by the January '08 students, who took charge of the paper last February.

The present staff consists of Edward Holloway, editor-in-chief; Louie Thompson, assistant; Lorle Stecher, literary; Paul Bailey, assistant; Ruth Bozell, local; French Jacks, assistant; John Deery, athletics; Melissa Seward, assistant; Arthur Edgerton, art editor; Orpha McLaughlin, assistant; May Larsen, exchanges; Richard Habbe, assistant; Raymond Sutton, business manager; William H. Block, advertising manager; Raymond Stiltz, subscription manager.

Heretofore the Mirror has published seven issues each semester, fourteen during the whole year. Since most school papers publish only ten issues a year, and since the Mirror management can no longer depend on advertising to the same extent as formerly, it was decided to issue five numbers a semester instead of seven. The change was unquestionably a wise one, for the publication of an excellent school paper, even under favorable circumstances, is no easy matter. At present, as the income of the Mirror is not as great as usual, a reduction of the number of issues a term was essential if the paper was to maintain its previous excellence.

The time and care necessary in publishing a good paper can only be appreciated by those who have had the experience. And so the editors of the Annual wish to congratulate the editors and business managers of the Mirror for maintaining and improving the standard of the paper.







Fraternities, Sororities, and Clubs

- AZTECS—Class, Jan., '06. Organized, Oct., '03. Color, Green. President, Lee Goeble-Members: Horace Nordyke, Willard Hubbard, Gardner Coughlin, Chester Barnett, Charles Craig, Paul Buchanan, Will Oaks, Ray Adams, Percy Stuckenberg, Bert Metcalf.
- BRITANNIA SORORITY—Class, Jan., '07. Organized, June, '05. Color, Maroon. President, Nettie Peck. Members: Eleanor Balz, Josie Craigle, Bertha Craven, Frances Fletcher, Leora Knannlein, Florence Wiese, Ray Wilbert, Edna Tyre. Honorary Member, Mr. Chamberlain.
- DELTA KAPPA THETA FRATERNITY—Class, not limited. Organized, Jan., '06. Colors, Purple and Gold. President, Herman Kothe. Members: Osmond Schirmer, Roger Ballard, Harold Kurtz, Harold King, Louis Wiegel, Eugene Keller. Honorary Member, Mr. Carr.
- FI LO TU SORORITY—Class, June, '06. Organized, Dec., '04. Color, Cadet Blue. **President,** Ida Chase. **Members:** Eva DeWald, Anna Hupke, Ellen Magenis, Eleanor Sanders, Edna Shakel, Lorana Van Briggle. Honorary Member, Mrs. DeBruler.
- KEN-CHIYO FRATERNITY—Class, June, '06. Organized, Feb., '06. Color, Vermillion. President, Robert Sturm. Members: Bert West, Rohe Meyer, Vance Noel, Roscoe Easterday. Honorary Member, Mr. Swarthout.
- KING SING WEHS—Class, Jan., '06. Organized, Feb., '06. President, Carrie Legg. Members: Bernice Sinclair, Olive Hannahan, Beulah Storch, Ruth Merwin.
- LOCH LOMOND LASSIES SORORITY—Class, June, '06. Organized, April, '05. Colors, Blue and Green Plaid. Flower, Thistle. **President,** Frieda Kipp. **Members:** Edna Arn, Ramona Bookwalter, Dorothea Gilray, Marie Herntschier, Myrtle Johnson, Ruth Steele. Honorary Member, Miss Foy.
- LONA HONDEN SORORITY—Class, Jan., '07. Organized, June, '05. Colors, Blue and Gold. Flower, Pansy. **President**, Mary Thompson. **Members:** Grace Getmann, Mildred Kline, Frances Pennington, Armande Storer, Edna Tyre, Kathryn Walters. Honorary Member, Miss Griffiths.
- MAIDS OF WINDERMERE—Class, Jan., '08. Organized, March, '06. Color, Violet. Flower, English Violet. President, Lorle Stecher. Members: May Larson, Mary Stilz, Ruth Bozell, Melissa Seward, Anna Leiss. Honorary Member, Miss Foy,
- MAIDLI OF INTERLAKEN—Class, June, '06. Organized, April, '05. Colors, Red and White. Flower, Red and White Carnation. **President**, Flora Frick. **Members:** Ruth Fatout, Sarah Goldman, Mae Howe, Irene Hunt, Bernice Martin, Anna Nackenhorst. Honorary Member, M.ss Loomis.
- MIGGIMFIAN SORORITY—Class, Jan., '07, and June, '07. Organized, Oct., '05. Colors, Lavender and Grey. Flower, Pansy. President, Margaret Shover. Members: 1rma Bachman, Irene Duncan, Georgia Humphrey, Alberta Sigelen. Honorary Member, Miss Donnan.
- OMEGA TAU SORORITY—Class, June, '07. Organized, Feb., '06. Color, Blue. **President,**Nell Fodrea. **Members**: Florence Ball, Leila Coulon, Emma Erath, Anna Rynn, Elizabeth
 Hart, Gertrude Shields. Honorary Member, Miss Benton.
- PANDAVA FRATERNITY—Class, Jan., '07. Organized, Feb., '05. Colors, Blue and Green, Bird, Peacock. **President**, Albert Rassmann. **Members**: Albert Schaub, Walter Campbell. Jesse Johnson, Herman Klentschy, Frank Dixon, Elmer Thienes, Charles Welker, Charles Irwin, Ralph Null. Honorary Member, Miss Foy.
- PHI DELTA NU SORORITY—BETA—Class, not limited. Organized, Jan., '03. Colors, Old Gold and White. **President**, Ruth Goldrick. **Members:** Bessie Bristow, Fleta Davis, Helen DeBolt, Mary Fitch, Hortense Holloway, Emma Kothe, Jessie Perine, Alma Pickerill. Honorary Member, Mrs. DeBruler.
- PHI DELTA NU SORORITY—GAMMA—Class, not limited. Organized, Nov., '05. Colors Old Gold and White. President, Leona Templeton. Members: Katharine Bauer, Hilda Buddenbaum, May Dunmeyer, Louise Kothe, Lilla-Mueller, Lenore Templeton, Franc Wilhite. Honorary Member, Mrs. DeBruler.

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- QUIXOTIC SORORITY—Class, June, '07. Organized, Feb., '06. Color, Maroon. President, Anna Klein. Members: Hannah Bradley, Clementine Carrol, Ina Dynes, Lucy Gage, Gladys Hammons, Estelle Meyer, Alta Wilson. Honorary Member, Miss Hassler.
- S. N. S. SORORITY—Class, June, '06. Organized, Nov., '05. Colors, Red and Black. President, Katherine McPherson. Members: Madge Blake, Myrtle Dorbecker, Ella Berg, Sadie Eller, Winnie Morgan. Honorary Member, Miss Hill.
- SIGMA DELTA EPSILON FRATERNITY— Class, not limited. Organized, Sept., '04. Colors, Old Gold and Blue. **President,** Virgil Nutt. **Members:** Carl Adam, Arthur Berndt, Merle Bennett, Carl Buddenbaum, Edmund Cook, Herman Deupree, Ray Fox, Rudolph Jose, Clark Mick, Rudolph Miller, Clarence McGurty, Carl Sweeney, Harry Schmidt, Herbert Piel, Clyde Weaver, Fred Wellmann, Sherlie Deming, Clarence Melchor. Honorary Member, Mr. Bacon.
- TEZAIKU ONNE SORORITY Class, June, '06. Organized, Sept., '04. Colors, Blue and Gold. Flower, Crysanthemum. President, Beulah Wise. Members: Belle Bogardus, Maude Darnall, Lenore Durler, Sue Hamilton, Gladys Harlow, Bessie Holman, Gladys Stevenson, Marguerite Whitsit. Honorary Member, Miss Wentz.
- TOKIONIANS—Class, Jan., '07, Organized, Aug., '03. Colors, Green and White. Flower, Crysanthemum. **President,** Anna Gaston. **Members**: Louise Balke, Edna Bertermann, Elsa Bertermann, Mable Bowlus, Margaret Geiger, Helen Krull, Gladys Leonard, Edna Unversaw.
- TUSCARORAS FRATERNITY—Class, June, '07. Organized, March, '05. Colors, Red and Green. President, Donald Toph. Members: Milton Sternberger, Roy Lazarus, Fred Dunmeyer, Harry Palmer, Albert Frankel, Herbert Cornelius, Bert Hawkins, Gilbert VanCamp, Lawrence Hill, Don Willard. Honorary Member, Mr. Ballard.
- ZI-KIS OF TANGO FRATERNITY—Class not limited. Organized, Dec., '05. Colors, Green and Black. President, Bert Westover. Members: Hugo Schissel, James Crawford, John Finkbiner, Will Rochford, Will Hamilton, Emil Sharp, Edwin Langdon, Robert McKay. Honorary Member, Mr. Ballard.
- ZORAIDA SORORITY—Class, June, '06. Organized, Dec., '04. Colors, Maroon and Yellow. President, Clara Mathews. Members: Mary Collins, China Hinchmann, Rose Kautsky, Nina Mann, Ada Salmon, Bernice Young. Honorary Member, Miss Donnan.
- ZO RO FRATERNITY—Class, June, '06. Organized, Oct, '04. Colors, Gold and Black. President, Lorenze Barney. Members: Walter Brandt, August Bailey, Howard Gay, Robert Rhoads, Hathaway Simmons, Arthur Simpson, Mark Pangborn, George Whelden. Honorary Member, Mr. Faunce.

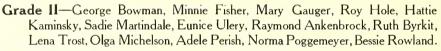
The Honor Rolls

THE June 1905 and January 1906 honor rolls are published in this Annual, first, because the chronicle of the year's work is incomplete without them, and secondly, because our school is proud of the students who have attained this distinction. To win a place on the honor roll, a student must have at least four As in whole credits and no other mark lower than B.

Permanent Honor Roll of June 1905

Grade I Ruth Augenbaugh, Oscar Berger, Maurice Maney, Paul Stark, Skiles Test, Flora L. Wittlin





- Grade III—John Carson, May Larsen, Mabel Overhiser, William Block, Lorle Stecher, Alma Umphrey.
- Grade IV—Fritz Aldag, Jessie Bowlus, Minerva Kellog, Lydia Klopper, Viola Christena, Paula Eickhoff, Georgia Humphrey, Mary McCabe, Mary Padou, Alberta Sigelen, William Schiltges.
- Grade V-Bertha Craven, Ruth Keller, Margaret Shover, Margaret Stark.
- Grade VI—Carl Adam, Irvin Deer, Flora Frick, Merritt Harrison, Philip Harvey, Mae Howe, Myrtle Johnson, Anna Nackenhorst, Harry Martindale, Marmion Oldacre, Walter Prange, Ruth Steele.
- Grade VII—Fern Boyer, Marie Collman, Herman Deupree, Margaret Geiger, Cecil Huffer, Lena Swindler, Frederick Wellmann.
- Grade VIII—Howard Clippinger, Bertha Denzler, Henrietta Buchanan, Phila Helt, Laurance Hitt, Helen Jacoby, Ruth Kellog, Zella MacNair, Emma Abel, Henry Bliss, August Bohlen, Anna Grah, Ada Moreau, Nellie Whitsit, Margaret Williams, Edith Winebrenner, Mary Wood.

Permanent Honor Roll of January 1906

- Grade I—Hulda Eickhoff, Clara Hadley, Will Hess, Margaret Howe, Esther Holtz, George A. Kuhn, Clara Marsch, Fred Mayfield, Estel Palmer, Maude Sanders, Will Wellmann, Edna Zobbe.
- Grade II—Ines Anderson, Laurence Andrews, Oscar Berger, Elsie Berner, Bertha Heine, Walter Pape, Ivy Pearce, Gladys Staples, Flora Whittler.
- Grade III—Raymond Ankenbrock, Ruby Dow, Ray Hole, Hattie Kaminsky, Mary McAuley, Lena Trost, Eunice Ulrey.
- Grade IV—Ruth Bozell, John J. Carson, Frank Duddy, May Larsen, Mabel Overhiser, Norma Poggemeyer, Fred Schortemeier, Lorle Stecher, Mary Stilz, Louie Thompson, Alma Umphrey.
- Grade V—Fritz Aldag, Zada Bird, Lulu Clemens, Paula Eickhoff, Emma Erath, Georgia Humphrey, Gertrude Shields, Alberta Sigelen, Franc Wilhite.
- Grade VI—Irene Duncan, Agnes Evans, Sarah Goldman, Ruth Keller, Leona Templeton.
- Grade VII—Carl Adam, Ramona Bookwalter, Roscoe Easterday, Flora Frick,
 Dorothea Gilray, Mae Howe, Myrtle Johnson, Rudolph Jose, Robert Rhoads,
 Ruth Steele, Robert Sturm.
- Grade VIII—Fern Boyer, Will Butler, Marie Collman, Herman Deupree, Margaret Geiger, Clara Lorenz, George Love, George Mathey, Rudolph Miller, Bernice Sinclair, Tom Perine, Frederick Wellmann, Louise Woerner.



The House of Representatives

T was early in October of 1905 that the school Senate (now the House of Representatives) began a year of interesting work. When Mr. Bacon resigned as critic of the Senate, Mr. Carr was elected to fill his place, and his hearty support has done much to keep enthusiasm and enterprise in Manual's one legislative body. The officers for the first term were: President, Irvin Deer; vice-president, Alberta Sigelen; secretary, Bernice Sinclair; reading clerk, Merritt Harrison. During the term preparations were completed to boom the Senate, and a reception was given on November 2nd, in the gymnasium, for the students of the school and the friends of the senators.

The officers for the second term were: President, Rudolph Jose; vice-president, Carl H. O. Adam; secretary, Olive Hannahan; reading clerk, Walter Pape. During their term of office negotiations were started with the Anderson High School Senate looking toward the promotion of a bicameral legislature. Oswald Ryan, president of the Anderson Senate, came to Indianapolis to complete arrangements for the affiliation. The M. T. H. S. president appointed Irvin E. Deer a committee of one to make the necessary revision of the constitution, which was excellently done. The name of the Senate was changed to the "House of Representatives of the Interscholastic Congress of Indiana," the Anderson body forming the Senate. The House immediately elected the following officers: Speaker, Philip Harvey; speaker pro tem, Raymond Ankenbrock; secretary, Georgia Humphrey; clerk of the House, William Schiltges. With the completion of the organization, the House adjourned for the rest of the school semester.

At the beginning of the second term the House reconvened and began its work with additional vigor. A number of bills were introduced, and several were received from the Senate at Anderson. On February 2nd, near the close of Speaker Harvey's administration, a committee of Manual Representatives attended a meeting of the Senate at Anderson. Again on February 23rd, the Senate and House held a joint session in the auditorium of the Manual Training High School. The week following, the second administration took its seat in the House. The officers were: Speaker, Harry Knowlton; speaker pro tem, Richard Wangelin; secretary, Alberta Sigelen; clerk of the House, Irvin E. Deer.

The year's work has been very successful both in the Senate and in the House, for the law-makers became skilled in making prepared and extempore speeches. At all times the interest that United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge has taken in the organization has been an impetus for work. During the year Senator Beveridge forwarded to us a number of "Congressional Records," from which our Representatives have obtained valuable information for their speeches on the floor of the House.

The House will lose many of its most active leaders by graduation in June. We sincerely regret their departure. But to the enthusiasts of the lower classes, who still remain, we extend the hope that the House may convene next fall and enter upon the most successful session of years.





Senior Literary Club

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know, Are a substantial world, both pure and good."

HE senior class has one organization of which it may well be proud, namely,—the "Senior Literary Club". It was originally the "January 1906 Literary Club," but last September the January members extended an invitation to the June 1906 Class and thirty students gladly joined. Since then the club has rapidly become one of the progressive organizations in the school. Its officers are chosen every four weeks and Miss Foy is the critic.

Early last term some meetings were given over to the study of nature, when the programme consisted of a series of impromptu talks by the members. Later, on several afternoons the society was pleasantly entertained by accounts of travel abroad, given by Miss Donnan, Mr. Hall, Mr. Carr and Mr. Bacon. This term the object of the club has been to make a further study of favorite literature. The work on "Hamlet" has proven especially interesting. On April 27, "Mr. Bob," a little play, was successfully presented by the club in the school auditorium.

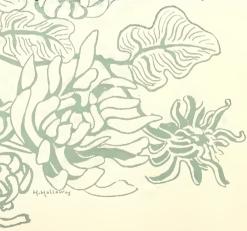
During the senior year the club has accomplished a great deal and the results will no doubt be far reaching. The happy associations of this organization will all too soon be ended by the graduation of the present seniors. It is to be hoped, however, that the good work begun may act as a stimulus to the next senior class for the further study of well known classics.

Die Sprachgesellschaft

AGERMAN CLUB, organized to further the practical use of the German language, has been formed in Manual Training High School and the members have termed it "Die Sprachgesellschaft." All students in German V, or above, are eligible; at present twenty-five have taken advantage of the excellent opportunity afforded by this organization for becoming adept in the use of the language. To further this end a fine of one cent a word is assessed any member who uses English during the meetings.

Miss Bopp, the critic, has taken much care to present an interesting and varied programme of literary and musical selections to the members. During the course of the year several German plays have been presented. One of especial merit, "Der Knopf," was given for the friends and parents of the students in the club. At the time of the Mozart celebration in January, Die Sprachgesellschaft presented the school with a picture of the famous composer.

The last officers elected by Die Sprachgesellschaft were: President, Robert Sturm; vice-president, David Klein; secretary, Albert Burns; treasurer, Abe Bornstein.





The Orchestra

VERYONE admits that the orchestra is the organization which is the source of greatest pride and pleasure to M. T. H. S. students. Besides being the most popular, the orchestra has the additional distinction of being the oldest organization in Training School. It has developed from a small nucleus of eight members in 1896, into a complete and able orchestra of thirty-four pieces. Such is its efficiency that teachers and patrons of the school never fail to comment with favor on its playing.

The auditorium periods, during which the orchestra plays, are always awaited eagerly by the students, for they know that a musical treat is in store for them. Each Friday a program is judiciously chosen by Mr. Birge, the director, from light opera selections and the best classics, including the standard works of great composers.

The maintenance of the orchestra in the past has been due to Mr. Emmerich and the faculty; at present, various organizations contribute to its support. The appropriation this year was made by the Dramatic Club from the proceeds of its parody on the "Merchant of Venice."

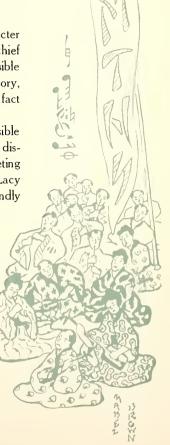
The members of the orchestra are:

First Violin: Rudolph Jose, '06; Kathryn Bauer, '07; Nell Williams, '07; John Kraft, '07; Osmond Schirmer, '06; Vance Noel, '06; Eugene Kellar, '07; Leigh Railsback, '09; Ray Sweetmann, '08; Armond Rhodehamel, '09; Rudolph Barnes, '08. Second Violin: Fred Monninger, '09; James Abbott, '07; Walter Easter, '09; Percy Trees, '10; Walter Pape, '08; Edgar Edgerton, '08; Clifford Norman, '10. First Cornet: Ben Schreckengost, '06; John Holloway, '07. Second Cornet: Carl Norton, '06; Herman Hugo, '09. Bass: Mr. Goth. Clarinets: Virgil Nutt, '07; Monroe Noblet, '07. Trombones: Mr. Monroe Schreckengost, Delber Wilmeth, '09; Edwin Pugh, '07. Flute: Grover Reasner, '08. French Horn: Kenneth Craft, '08. Drums: Herman Rinne, '08. Piano: Herman Kothe, '06.

The History Club

MONG the organizations of the school, there is one of an informal character called the History Club. Its purpose is to arouse further interest in the chief persons of eventful periods of history. Since in the class work it is almost impossible to give more than a passing glance to the men and women who have made history, the work of the club is to study more carefully their lives, and to appreciate the fact that these persons really existed outside of books.

There is no formal order for the meetings; each member reads as much as possible on an assigned subject. In the meetings, he presents the results of his work for discussion. There are no officers, no pretence of formality of any kind,—just a meeting of students who are studying great epochs, great men and their deeds. Miss Lacy of the faculty is supervising the work, and many thanks are due her for her kindly interest and attention.







HE distinctive feature of our school is the manual training department. It is from this branch of the school that the institution really derives its name. Hence every Annual would be incomplete without an article on the shops. In previous years, however, these articles have dealt with the general features of the manual training work. This year the project work of the individual student and of the class will receive special mention.

The real aim of the instruction in the manual training department is to give the boys in the shops an impetus for higher training in the mechanical arts, not to make skilled workmen. A trade is not taught to the students, but rather an incentive is given them so that in later life they may choose some phase of the work and thus become specialists.

In order to accomplish this end, the work is made as interesting as possible. The students are taught to make practical use of tools. In each of the classes, the boys are allowed to complete some individual work, thus, in Woodworking I, tabourettes, designed and decorated by the students, are completed. This year, the individual work of the students consisted of a child's Morris chair, a large Morris chair, magazine racks, plate racks, screens, wall racks, foot stools, book cases, and numerous other useful articles. An oak book case for the library has also been completed this semester.

The boys in the second half of the first year are early initiated into the mysteries of wood-turning, where they construct and fashion such articles as appeal to their fancy or home needs. This year the students have completed for their own use boxes built of various kinds of wood, candle sticks, vases, napkin rings, Indian clubs, and polished cups. The class "projects" this year have been a solid mahogany pedestal, or reading-stand, for the auditorium, a piano stool, and posts for the book case made by the Woodworking I students.

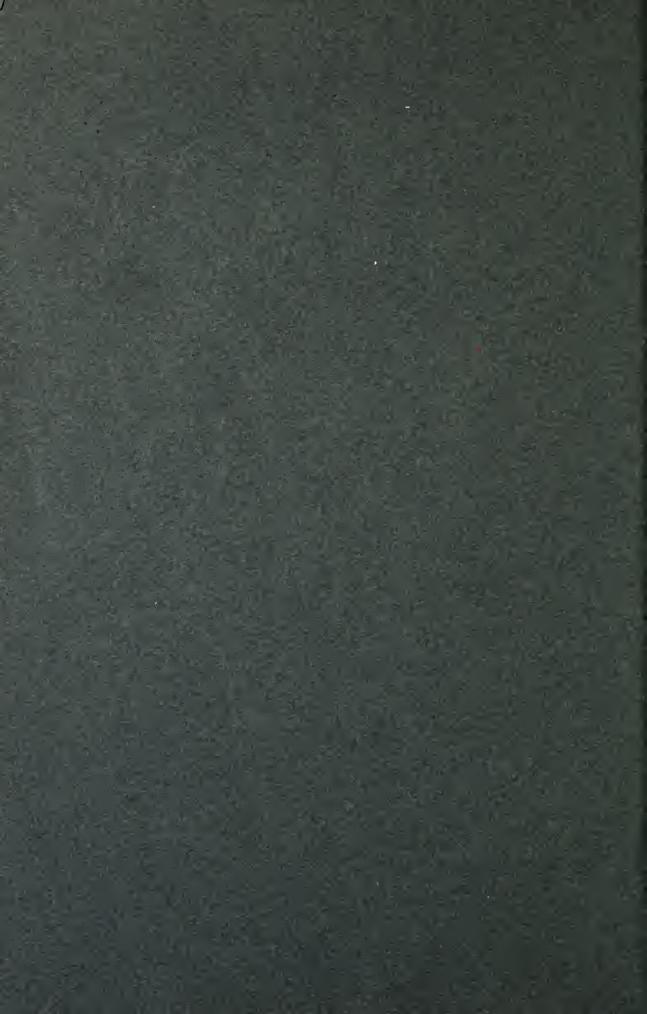
After leaving the wood-turning shops, the student enters the forge room, where the glowing fires and ringing anvils rapidly arouse the interest of the student. Lamps, jardiniere stands, music racks, tongs, and andirons, have been finished this semester by the "Blacksmiths." The class "project" was a large chandelier for the main corridor near the office.

During the next semester the student is drilled in the a, b, c's of Patternmaking and Foundry-work. He manufactures patterns illustrating draft, shrinkage, finish, and warpage. These patterns, if found satisfactory, are then turned over to the foundry for use. In the capacity of foundrymen, the boys practice making molds of the patterns made by themselves in the pattern shop. They also attempt more complex patterns as they become proficient.

Interest is sustained in the foundry work by having the boys make type-metal castings of paper weights, picture frames, pin trays, and divers other ornaments for home use.

Patternmaking II usually proves more interesting to the student than Patternmaking I. He makes larger and more complicated patterns of machine parts, such as patterns for gas engines, wood trimmers to be used in the shops, and other patterns requiring





delicate manipulation. Coincident with the patternmaking work, the pupils pursue the advanced foundry work offered in Foundry II. Here they mold and run off the castings to be used later on in the machine shops. The castings this term were for steam and gas engines, electric motors, parallel bars for the gymnasium, wood turning lathes, and other essentially practical articles.

Not an insignificant feature of this term's work is the "run," which occurs every two weeks. This is probably the most spectacular occurrence of school life and is an unfailing source of interest, especially to visitors.

In the fourth year the student enters the machine shop. Here the elementary work consists in making the simpler parts of wood lathes. This is followed by the making of jack screws, gas and steam engines, and electric motors. The class "projects" this semester have been the completion and assembling of the large and more difficult parts of the wood-turning lathe. Parallel bars for the gymnasium and a drill press for the machine shop have also been finished.

The fascination of the work in this department makes the last year the most delightful of the four years in school. The regions of the unexplored mechanical arts open up to the student, and many occupations becken to him, any of which he may choose, and finally become proficient and expert in the work.

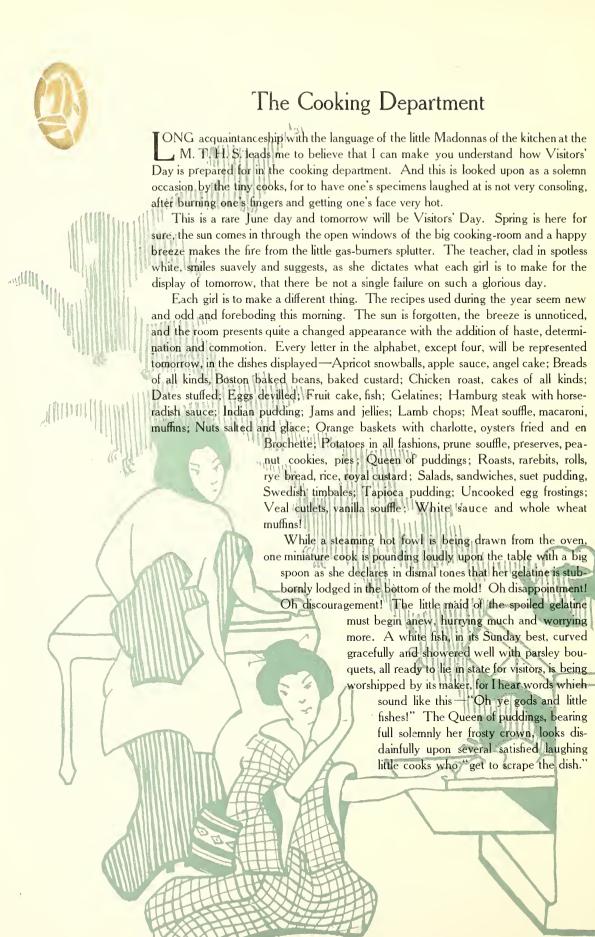


The Rest Room

HE Rest Room is one of the most pleasant and interesting features of our school. Visitors are always conducted here to see the room, not only because it is very pretty, but because it is so unique, as its furnishings represent the labor and good-will of the students, both boys and girls. It is what its name implies—a place for rest and quiet, apart from the busy life without. The charm is in the beautiful simplicity and harmony of the furniture. The chairs are dark, substantial mission furniture, and were made by the classes in woodworking. One especially comfortable rocker is the work of the students from the Philippine Islands. The artistic chandeliers were made by the boys in the forge room. Pretty pillows, fresh curtains, and a gay couch cover make the place bright and attractive, and tell of the thoughtfulness and regard of various clubs and sororities. One corner of the room is made homelike by a dainty and useful "Five O'clock Tea," another little token of sorority good-will. In fact, everything, from the cool green matting to the plain little medicine chest, are gifts to the school.

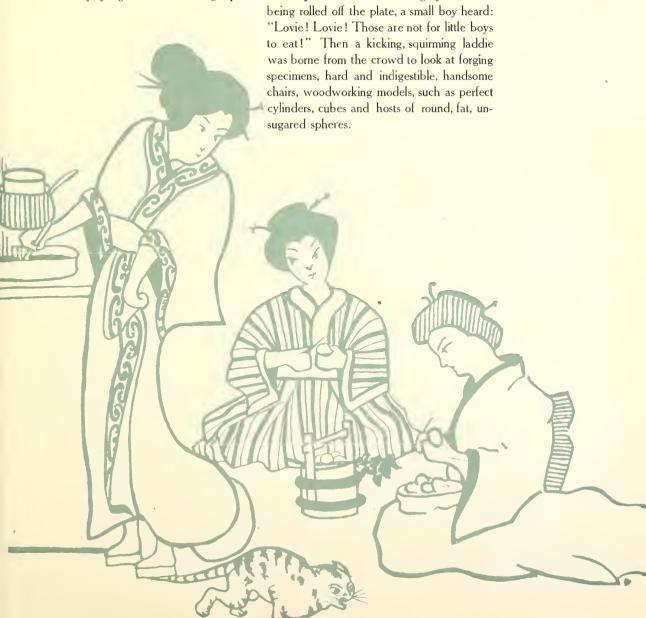
Mrs. Craven, our matron, who is in charge, helps much to make it cheerful and





Everything satisfactorily finished, the "song of the suds" sung, the tables duly polished, the sinks shining, the sun noticed again, the breeze cooling twenty-five hot faces, the hardest work is done for the morrow.

And now "the morrow" is here. Each specimen, decked with appropriate garnishment, and the pride of a different maid, lies in due state on the wonderful "Visitors' Day." Soon an unending procession of mothers and fathers, vain and satisfied, spick and span little girls, and much-scrubbed giggling little boys, file past the array. Not used to the language of grown folk, I understand by their faces that they are well pleased that their daughters can "get together a first rate meal." The very little boy who feels very hungry in this sort of a room, wishes his mamma would talk to that other lady while passing by those sugar-plum-dates. He thinks that while his mother is admiring the well-appointed dining table laid for dinner in one end of the room, he will get lost from her and get a sugar-plum-date. The mother discovers that the tiny lad is gone just as she is going to call his attention to a picture of a beef, drawn to illustrate the various cuts of that animal, in one of the recipe books she is examining. Cruelty, ye gods and little sugar-plum-dates!! Just as a fat round sugary date was





BULE

Shortridge Dual Meet of 1905

LTHOUGH Manual was defeated by the score of 73.5 to 59.5, the defeat was scarcely a source of surprise to the best informed. The fact that Training School had never trailed her colors in the dust in a previous dual meet lessened the sting of defeat. Considering the fact, however, that John King, the captain, was the only member of the team who had participated in a meet previous to the season of 1905, the showing of the team against Shortridge's experienced men was little short of wonderful. By careful forethought, Coach

Stokesberry secured almost all his new material from the first and second years of the school. As a result, the future athletic teams of Manual need never fear a repetition of the circumstances of 1905. The best and most consistent work of the team was done by Sherlie Deming, Virgil Nutt, and Albert Muerer, all of whom will participate in the track meets of 1906.

Inter-Class Meet

THE first annual indoor inter-class meet was held in Tomlinson Hall, Friday evening, March 2nd. The meet, which was arranged by Mr. Stokesberry, was a great success and was very well attended. Handicaps were given all the inexperienced candidates, in order to even the chances of every contestant. The second year team was victorious, capturing $32\frac{1}{2}$ points; the seniors, second, with $23\frac{1}{2}$ points; the juniors, third, with 13; and the first year team was fourth, with 11.

A beautiful silver trophy cup was offered by the Delta Kappa Theta fraternity "to the class twice winning the annual inter-class meet." Charles Dyer, a graduate of Manual, offered a gold medal to the first year student winning the highest number of points. This medal will remain the property of the school, and each succeeding year a bar will be attached, upon which the name of the winning contestant will be engraved.

The second year team, besides winning the trophy cup, carried off a silk relay-championship banner which was given by the Maidli of Interlaken sorority. Maxwell Bailey captured the gold medal. Vicente Manalo, the Filipino student, did good work for the juniors in the high jump. Carl Adam scored the greatest number of individual points, winning first in the 220-yard dash, second in the 440-yard dash, and was a member of the senior relay team which won second place. A similar handicap interclass meet will be held each year, in order to stimulate the healthiest kind of athletics, namely, that within the school itself.

Track Team

THE superior work of the track team this spring, as compared with last spring's results, shows distinctly the difference between a "green" team and one a season old. Without last year's experience, the present team could not have made the showing it has.

The strength of the team was first shown in the winning of the invitation meet, at Bloomington, May 12th. In this contest the Red and White claimed the honors by a margin of three points. The features of the meet were the performances of Captain Deming in the quarter-mile run and Albert Muerer in the half-mile run, each covering his distance in less than record time. Good work was also done by Adam, Nutt, Holtzman, and Manalo in their respective events.

The Bloomington victory raised high the hopes of the Manual supporters for the State meet at Crawfordsville, the following Saturday. One or two misfortunes alone kept the team from scoring a second success. As it was, it was a neck and neck race for the honors between Hammond and Manual, the latter finishing but three quarters of a point behind her opponent. Albert Muerer, Manual's crack distance runner, was the star of the team, winning both the mile and the half-mile in easy form, and establishing a new record for the half-mile. Captain Deming and Carl Adam also did fine work in the quarter-mile, carrying off first and second honors respectively. Holtzman performed his usual feat by tying with three other men for first place in the high jump.

The most spectacular event of the day was the relay race, in which six teams participated. From start to finish the Red and White team was the only one in the race for honors, breaking their own State record of the previous year. Muerer won new laurels, in the first quarter he ever ran, by placing a broad gap between himself and his pursuers. Sharp, Adam, and Deming each in turn repeated the performance in brilliant form, the latter crossing the tape not less than seventy-five yards ahead of his nearest opponent.





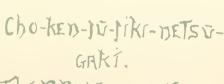


Foot-ball 1905

THE foot-ball season of 1905 opened with excellent prospects for a winning team. The reason for the belief was three-fold: Exceptionally good material reported for practice; Mr. Ralph Davis was obtained to coach the team: and the early games of the season seemed to predict the strongest eleven in years.

On September 31st, the heavy alumni team was held to the tie score of 0 to 0. On October 7th, the Bloomington High School eleven was defeated by a score of 29 to 0. Again, on October 14th, in the best played game of the year, Alexandra

High School was defeated 5 to 0.



The D-RULE MONSTER



The turning point in the career of our team came on Saturday, October 21st, when we met Louisville Male High School, at Louisville. A fine exhibition of football resulted. Our eleven clearly outplayed Louisville; we should have won by two touchdowns. Manual's wretched fumbling, however, gave the Kentucky team the opportunity to tie the score. Afterwards our players said, "We were stronger, but bad luck kept us from winning." And this excuse followed every subsequent contest. The truth of the matter was that our boys failed to realize after the game with Louisville that good condition, speed, and football knowledge were as important for victory as the excellent coaching given them by Mr. Davis. And so the eleven drifted along until Thanksgiving, when the conceit of the early victories was taken out of the team, Failure to report at practice was common, and the second team responded only after repeated calls from the faculty. The poor condition of affairs was plainly revealed after every game. The weak Plainfield Academy was allowed to score on October 28th. 16 to 5. On November 4th, Louisville Manual won from us, 6 to 5. This was our first defeat, and it was hard. The game ended because of the darkness, with the ball in our possession on their eight yard line. Lack of foot-ball knowledge and slow playing cost us the game. On November 11th, we should have played Crawfordsville, but at the eleventh hour the game was cancelled.

In preparation for the game with Shortridge, the eleven practiced faithfully. In spite of the inferior work of the preceding weeks, the comparative scores of Manual and Shortridge pointed to a Training School victory. Every loyal student and teacher said we would win; Coach Davis expected it; the eleven was confident, too confident, of a gala day on Thanksgiving.

The game itself was unquestionably a hard one, and one is loath to relate the result. A few statistics may serve to console the Manual supporters. The total number of yards gained by the Blue and White in straight foot-ball would not exceed fifty, nor would they amount to one-fifth of the M. T. H. S. gains. "Luck perched on the Blue and White balloons," and this, combined with the skill of Shortridge to take advantage of Manual's misplays, turned the tide just enough to cause defeat. A game of thirty-five minute halves would possibly have resulted in a different score. The contest ended, however, on their five yard line, with the ball in our possession.

Thus ended the foot-ball season. If the Manual teams of the future remember the lesson of the season, it has been worth while. Work, and only work, the old-time Manual grit, and a fixed determination to win out in the "survival of the fittest" will turn victory our way in the future.

The student body was sorely disappointed to lose the Thanksgiving game, yet maintained their loyalty. The rooting by Training School on that day has been declared by neutral parties the most inspiring in the history of the institution. Yes,







Manual was loyal, and the fact is a source of pride. Let us never give up, even under assured defeat; when we do win, M. T. H. S. will show how she can support a winning team.

Roster of the Eleven

Regulars: Goeble, left end; Hubbard, left tackle; Brumfield, left guard; Welker, center; Williams, right guard; Wellman, right tackle; Yeaton, right end; Hamilton, quarter back; Cullen, left half; Klentschy, full back; Rochford, right half; Berndt, right half; Spencer, left half.

Substitutes: Scofield, line; McCrabb, line; Buddenbaum, end; Cook, quarter back; Hickman, back.

Average weight of regulars, 151_{13}^{7} ; average weight of regular line, 156_{13}^{5} ; average weight of regular backfield, 145_{23}^{1} .

Football Prospects for 1906

ROM all appearances the game of football will be changed by the fall of 1906. If the essentials of the game remain the same, alterations in the rules will have but little effect on our team, since it will be composed of such experienced players as King, Hamilton, Buddenbaum, Brumfield, McCrabb, Williams, and Yeaton of last season's regulars, together with promising candidates from the second team. The Manual alumni believe that the present M. T. H. S. lads have lost their old-time fighting spirit. There seems to be grounds for such supposition, but it is to be hoped that next year's team will demonstrate that they are mistaken. According to the law of compensation the football hoodoo will be broken at some future date. Let us hope that the date will be 1906!

The Bowling League

E ARLY in December of 1905, the bowlers of Manual organized a strong league of four teams. Officers were chosen, and a schedule of thirty-six games was arranged. Bert Metcalf was elected president of the league, and Carl Adam, secretary.

The following captains were chosen: Ed. Cook, Sigmas; E. Ostermeyer, Easterns; H. Simmons, Zoros; and Lee Goeble, Aztecs. The Easterns won the championship of the league in a runaway race. The high team score for the season, 879, was captured by them, and Harry Johnson, an Eastern bowler, registered the high individual score of 242.







M. T. H. S .-- S. H. S. Bowling Contest

POR the fourth successive year the Manual bowling team won the annual contest with Shortridge. Our bowlers rolled more consistently than ever before and won by a margin of eight games. In the first series of six games rolled on January 12th, our second division saved the day by taking three straight games besides getting the high individual and team scores. The next week the Manual bowlers again carried off the honors. Both divisions won the first and last games. In the final contest of the series, our bowlers were in great form and the first division totaled a score of 972, high team score of the series. Metcalf captured the individual honors with a score of 236, and his team-mate, Harry Johnson, was a close second with a score of 224. Metcalf, having made an average of 191 for the nine games, also won the big sweater offered by Saks & Co. for the highest average of the series. The Manual bowlers, by defeating the Northsiders, were winners of the silver trophy cup which Charles Mayer & Co. offered to the champions.

The first division was composed of Edmund Cook (captain), Lee Goebel, Carl Adam, Harry Correthers, Harry Johnson and Bert Metcalf; the second division was made up of Elmer Ostermeyer, Herbert Piel, Clifford Whitcomb, Herman Deupree, McCullough, and Mayer.

Basket-ball

HE City Basket-ball League was formed this season with four teams: German House, Butler, Shortridge, and Manual. Butler received five points and the high schools each ten points handicap from the German House team. We were fortunate in again securing Mr. Gekeler for coach, and with Captain Cook, Berndt, Westover, McKay, Simpson, Sharp, Yeaton, and Nutt of last year's squad for a nucleus, we had great hopes for a successful season. The first league games were played December 9th in our gymnasium. We met the German House,

and in spite of the fact that they had practiced all fall, we made them earn a very hotly contested game with a score of 35 to 25. It was only the unavoidable lack of practice on the part of our new team that lost the game. In the second league contest, Manual played Butler. The fast work of Cook saved the game in the last few minutes of play, and the score was 37 to 35. The third game of the city league series, and our first game for the state championship, was played at Tomlinson Hall, January 6th. We overwhelmingly defeated Shortridge 32 to 10. Never before was a Shortridge five so completely outclassed in every department of the game by a Manual team. Our basket throwing and the defense of the guards were of the best.



No. 1—The winning goal.
No. 2 So easy!
No. 3 The her







Every man on the team showed by his playing the results of hard, faithful and conscientious practice.

The next game resulted in a 38 to 9 defeat for Butler. During the entire game the collegians failed to score a field goal, due to the good work of our guards. The second game with German House, our closest rivals in the league series, was played January 13th, and we gained another victory by a score of 38 to 21. As the score shows, we could have won the game without the ten-point handicap. On January 27th, Manual again played Shortridge and duplicated her previous performance by defeating them 32 to 14. The game was fast even though Manual did not show her usual spirit in the second half.

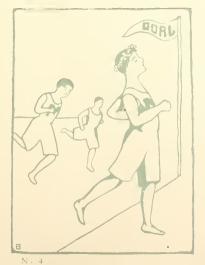
Our good fortune followed us to Anderson, February 2d, where we defeated our rivals for the state championship by a score of 39 to 13. The game with Crawfords-ville was a slight disappointment to the Manual supporters, but considering the fact that Captain Cook had been sick for a week, and that the team had not been able to practice since the Anderson game, our boys could not be blamed for their defeat by the close score of 23 to 20. A week later they again regained their lost laurels by decisively defeating Crawfordsville 21 to 15 on their own floor in the fastest game of the season. The season ended Friday night, February 23d, with the defeat of the Anderson High School by a score of 30 to 19. This game marked the close of a very successful season, in which Manual was but once defeated by a high school team.

Roster of the Basket-ball Team

Edmund Cook and Robert McKay, captains; Ed. Cook, Bert Westover, Arthur Berndt, and John Cullen, forwards; Virgil Nutt, center; Robert McKay and Emil Sharp, guards.

Second Basket-ball Team

The second basket-ball team, as well as the first, had a successful season. It was organized early in the season, with Mr. Carr as manager and Bert Metcalf as captain. Of the five games played, three were won and two lost. S. H. S. second team was beaten twice, by decisive scores. For the most part, the second team was composed of the following: W. Wellman, Metcalf, forwards; Kurtz, Deery, centers; Cullen, Finkbiner, F. Wellman, guards. This team scored 154 points to their opponents 92.









Inter-class Basket-ball League

EARLY in the '05-'06 basket-ball season, an inter-class basket-ball league was formed. A set of rules was adopted, one of which was, that no member of previous school teams should take part in the contests, and a schedule committee was appointed. Captains were elected by the different classes, and four teams were organized. The contests were interesting, and proved a great help in arousing basket-ball spirit and bringing out material for the first team. The contests were well supported and showed the wisdom of giving more students a chance. The second year team finished in first place, by winning eight of the nine games. The senior five captured second place after a hard fight, for the diminutive first year team played a fast game through the entire season. The juniors fought hard throughout the entire schedule, but the best they could do was to win one game.

The captain of the Senior team was Robert McKay; Junior, Harry Correthers and Charles Kissel; Second year, Emil Sharp; First year, Allan Stackhouse.

Prospects for Next Season

Captain Cook, Robert McKay, Bert Westover, John Cullen, and Arthur Berndt, all leave school this spring. Virgil Nutt, the tall center, and Emil Sharp, guard, remain. Both have played but one season on the first team, but they know the game thoroughly and will be the mainstays of next year's team. Besides, Manual has some excellent material on this year's second team to recruit from. Joseph Malarky and Will Wellman are coming stars as forwards. Deery, McCullough, and Yeaton will also make hard fights for positions. With such material, we have great hopes for a championship team again next year. May they have even more success than the team of '05-'06!

Baseball

THE baseball season of 1906 began with thirty or more candidates, all eager to earn the much prized monogram. The weather for practice was excellent and, as usual, Garfield Park was obtained for the daily training of the team.

All of the games this year have been against stronger teams than those played last year; but the scores below show that Captain Buddenbaum's team is as strong as any that has worn the Red and White.

Members of the Team: Captain, Carl Buddenbaum; infield, Cullen, Fletcher, Westover and Buddenbaum; battery, Avery, Westover and Miller; outfield, Grinsteiner, Green, Gisler, and Ash; substitutes, Pope and Mayer.





Schedule

April 14—At Crawfordsville, Wabash College 9, Manual 7. April 21—At Ladoga, Ladoga H. S. 1, Manual 6. April 28—At Greencastle, DePauw Prep. School 1, Manual 19. May 5—At Montpelier, Montpelier H. S. 2, Manual 8. May 12—Danville Normal 10, Manual 6. May 19—At Danville, Danville Normal 3, Manual 7. May 26—Shortridge H. S. (?), Manual (?). Total score to date: Opponents 26, Manual 63.

Students Who Won Monograms

Baseball Team: Arthur Berndt, 1905; August Bohlen, 1904, 1905; Carl Buddenbaum, 1904, 1905; Edmund Cook, 1905; George Daus, 1905; Jesse Gray, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905 Captain; Will Sutherland, 1905; Bert Westover, 1905; Cecil Wilson, 1905; Fay Yelton, 1905.

Track Team: Howard Bates, 1905; James Crawford, 1905; Shirley Deming, 1905; Walter Hickmann, 1905; Paul Holtzmann, 1905; John King, 1904, 1905 Captain; Albert Muerer, 1905; Virgil Nutt, 1905.

Football Team: Arthur Berndt, 1905; Russell Brumfield, 1905; John Cullen, 1903, 1905; Lee Goebel, 1904, 1905 Captain; Will Hamilton, 1905; Willard Hubbard, 1904, 1905; Herman Klentschy, 1905; Will Rochford, 1905; Otis Spencer, 1904, 1905; Charles Welker, 1904, 1905; Frederick Wellmann, 1905; Don Williams, 1905; Orrin Yeaton, 1904, 1905.

Basket-ball Team: Ed. Cook, 1903–1904, 1904–1905 Captain, 1905–1906 Captain; Robert McKay, 1905–1906; Virgil Nutt, 1905–1906; Emil Sharp, 1905–1906.



September 13th: School opens.

October 6th: First meeting of newly reorganized athletic association. Three seniors elected to fill offices. 11th: First preliminary debate in Sigma Cup Debating Contest. Seniors carry off first five places. 12th: Mr. Emmerich—"Three-fourths of forty-eight is six-tenths of how many thirds of twenty-one?" All seniors flunk. 20th: Loch Lomond Lassies sell fudge. Twelve seniors are absent from afternoon recitations. 21st: Vance Noel buys a yellow tie at a fire sale. Senior girls appoint a committee to persuade Vance not to wear his beautiful neckwear. 27th: The June 1906 "Correlator" makes its appearance. 30th: Mr. Bacon tells Senior Literary Club about his European trip. 31st: Sigmas went to Sanitarium after Hay Ride.









November 2d: The Senior Lottery. Girls draw names for class party. No blanks, but many "blankety-blanks." 11th: Vance Noel is still wearing his yellow tie. 24th: Parody on "Merchant of Venice" given by the Dramatic Club. Seniors participate in the "bear scene" and an elopement. 29th: First main debate. Anti-footballists, all seniors, carry the day. 29th: Seniors obtain gymnasium after school for reception.

December 1st: June 1906 class party at Woodruff Place Hall. Did it rain? 8th: Second meeting of athletic association. Monograms awarded, and a senior girl elected secretary. 8th: Maurice Thompson entertains Eng. VII's with tragic performance of the dagger scene in Macbeth. 13th: Second preliminary debate. First four places captured by seniors. 14th: Senior sororities entertain football team and 1906 students with reception in gymnasium. Mr. McAdams turns out lights promptly at five o'clock. Dancers are left quarreling over their wraps. 16th: Noon class rushes in "senior corridor" ended by Mr. Hall. 22d: Holidays begin. 22d: Zoro Fraternity dance at Woodruff Place. Juicy weather. 26th: Phi Delta Nu give their annual dance at Brenneke's.

The Senior Calendar 1906

January 3d: School reopens. Vance Noel evidently did not make any New Year's resolutions in regard to that yellow tie. 5th: Rudolph Jose, a senior president, causes the affiliation of the M. T. H. S. and Anderson High School senates. M. T. H. S. Senate becomes "House of Representatives." 6th: Basket-ball—M. T. H. S. 32, Shortridge 10. Three seniors play on the victorious team. 12th: 1906 classes present gifts to the school. 16th: Mr. Cleland entertains Seniors with a scholarly paper on "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales." 17th: Chemistry classes visit Bleaching Works. Hathaway Simmons has his coat bleached. 19th: Goodbye January 1906! 29th: Three hundred and seventy-two 9Bs enter Manual and are tolerated by the seniors.

February 2d: The "Correlator" buried with sacred rites. 6th: Some 9Bs are banished from auditorium by seniors during the noon hour. 8th: More 9Bs banished.
Mr. Emmerich looks on complacently. 9th: Second main debate. High school
course will be shortened. A senior, Irvin Deer, captains the winning team. 14th:
Miss King absent to-day. Much doing in the library. Seniors banished every hour.
16th: M. T. H. S. wins state basket-ball championship. M. T. H. S. 21, Crawfordsville 15. Three seniors on the winning team. 21st: Washington's birthday
celebration. "I did it with my little hatchet" recalled in an oration, by the Editorin-Chief. 26th: Seniors help win annual bowling tournament from Shortridge





March 1st: Third preliminary debate. Seniors, as usual, win everything. 2d: Indoor interclass meet. Seniors win second in meet and in relay race. 8th: Board of Health disgusted with milk in lunch department. Seniors gradually growing thin since supply of milk has been decreased. 16th: Gladys Harlow tardy at 15 minute period. Smiles on Mr. Emmerich. Immediately excused. Ushered into Senior room by Mr. Emmerich himself. 20th: Great commotion in library; room suddenly filled with steam. Senior president labels Merle Bennett "information bureau." 21st: Harold Kurtz declares his love, in class meeting, for the dandelion as class flower. Decides later that he meant the daffodil.

April 2d to 9th: Spring vacation. Some seniors greet the U. S. President while on the "Echo Excursion." 20th: Third main debate. The retention of the Philippines discussed, much to the embarrassment of the Filipino students. 20th: Sigma Fraternity dance at Columbia Club. 27th: Senior Literary Club presents "Mr. Bob."

June 8th: Open day and visitors are welcomed. June 1906 Annual out Tith! C Commencement, at last.

I Wonder Why?



BOY there was, in this our school,
Who always obeyed each single rule.
In English he would often "star"
And "girls" from his mind he would always bar.
His lessons he would have so well
That if ever the teacher took a spell
And gave a test instead of teaching class,
In mark the rest he 'd far surpass.

But as it happened one blithesome day
When to his class this star did stray
There was beside him; yea 'twas true,
A pretty lass with eyes of blue.
They talked and laughed, and then sat down.
He said that he would meet her soon up town.
And so the hour quickly seemed to pass
And from the room did walk this boy and lass
And strange it seems but ever since that day
This boy and girl do never star; Nay, Nay!

RAY DEMAREE



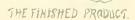
A. Nocker's Card

No. I—A registration in the office of A. Nocker's marks (by his teachers):

RECORD OF W. Nocker Room 11 for the half year ending June 1906							
SUBJECT	(ir die	Mark	TEACHEB	Room			
English	VIIL	0	Miss Foy	11			
Higher algebra		\bar{I}	Miss Wents	28			
United State His		0		12			
Chemistry	77	0	Mr. Clark	47			
Themes	II	\mathcal{B}	Mr. McComil	10			
WM, & BURFORD PRINT, INDIPLS M. T. H. S. FORM No. 10.							

No. 2—How A. Nocker viewed the same:

Record of A. NOCKER'S THOUGHTS, Room Cranium, for the half year ending June, 1906.						
SUBJECT	GRADE	MARK	TEACHER	ROOM		
Menu: 1st course, "Personality." 2d course, "Individuality." 3d course, "Picture Painting." 4th course, "How to Govern the Senior Class."	Soul's Awakening, III.	Little hard on me; must have been because I did no type- writing for the LiteraryDept.	Always talking about the Annual. Unfortunate habit of calling on unprepared student. Loves to tell personal reminiscences. Hates E. Washington street car-line. Prob- ably loves Will Shakespeare.	The Senior Scepter Room,		
Mixture of: I quart of midnight oil, I spoonful of mental gymnastics. Resulting in: I goose egg a day.	Higher Headaches.	I thought so, judging from the number of times Miss Wentz was sorry for me.	Conscientious and sympathetic. Always regrets to see a student fail. A capable head to the de- partment of Mental Strains.	Junior Domicile.		
5% outline work. 20% private quizzing. 25% real text work. 50% outside reading.	Mental Philosophy, II.	A narrow escape. Guess I forgot to tell Mr. Bacon I am going to Mich. Univ.	Strenuous; prolific speaker; great advocate of college education; full of ideals; always harping on: "Does 13 — 12". The head of the department of Heroes and Heroines.	Ice Box.		
A conglomeration of disgusting odors, violent explosions, breaking and borrowing (?) of apparatus, and teasing Raschig.	Scientific Dope- Mixing, II.	Shows what stalling will do.	Keeps exact(?) account of broken apparatus; a great believer in con- centration; going to be great doc- tor; present hobby: "The Collec- tion of Various Rocks and Dirt."	A Room of Strange Smells.		
Best thing about this subject is that there is only one day of recitation and four days of floating.	Purgatory, II.	I was given what I de- served.	Seemed to be "from Missouri" about my ability until I actually did something. The head of the department of Emphasis, Coherence and Unity.	Old "Haunt" of Jan.'06, now used by "kids."		



Saturday Afternoon Literary Club

HE second successful year in the life of the Saturday Afternoon Literary Club, composed of thirty girl graduates of M. T. H. S., is now drawing to a close. In these two short years five of our girls have been married, but not all of them have withdrawn from the club. Our out of town members attend one or two meetings a year and when that is impossible, their letters show unflagging interest. The untiring interest and friendly criticism of Miss Foy, our friend and critic, and the loyalty of the girls themselves, have made the

club a success. We have every reason to be proud of our girls, as their well written papers have been proof of extensive reading. The programme for the year's work in which each member is assigned a part is prepared in June and distributed before the summer vacation.

The club meets regularly the second Saturday in each month, beginning with "President's day" in September. This last year we have studied the literature, customs and writers of the Elizabethan period leading up to Shakespeare. Next year will be devoted to Shakespeare, the man, as revealed in his works. During the informal half hour that follows the programme of every meeting we have a feast of music, as we are fortunate enough to have on our roll several fine pianists and one or two sweet singers.

Last year we had two very delightful talks, one by Miss Elizabeth Hench, describing her college life in England, and the other by Rev. Frank O. Ballard on "Books."

Enjoyable social meetings each year have added interest to the club and furthered congeniality among its members.

Ethel Stilz.

The Saturday Travel Club

TEN years ago a company of congenial spirits, all bent on enjoying the beautiful and interesting scenes of the world, set forth together with this purpose at heart. They called themselves the Saturday Travel Club, and Miss Demree kindly consented to guide their course. Cupid has directed well some shafts into their midst and some Travelers have stopped by the wayside, but nearly all of the original company continue to journey together, finding pleasure and delight in the pursuit. There are teachers, mothers, wives, and "home" girls among them, and because of this, view points vary and the scope of the club is broadened.

This year the club has been enjoying sunny Italy, through its history, the lives of its great men, and that weird tale, "The Marble Faun." They have searched out much that is interesting from among the historic ruins of grand old Rome; explored "fair Padua and pitless Pisa," and lost themselves in picturesque water-ways of Venice, charmed by the dreamful songs of the gondoliers. Twice within a year the club entertained its friends, and on one occasion Mr. Bacon told them some interesting things of his Italian visit. Next year the Travelers intend to journey into another distant realm as rich and glorious in literary treasures as the last.







as nch and glorious in literary treasures as the last.

Yuki the Geometrical Dragon.



NCE upon a time (as the fairy tales start out), I got a glimpse into the soul of one of those little brown giants of the Far East, the Japs. It was just a glimpse, mind you, and may hap my capricious imagination wove therein fanciful strains, may hap the passing emotion I thought revealed to me was but the creation of my fancy, but in any event the vision has remained vivid and clear to me these several years, and I have treasured it among a thousand other kaleidoscopic pictures that have fallen to my lot.

It was at Camp Ten, out on the Ogden-Lucin cut-off. The cut-off is a great trestle some thirty miles long, built across the northern end of the Great Salt Lake. Camp Ten was then the uttermost of the clusters of shacks set on piles beside the trestle, to shelter at night the hundreds of men that hewed timbers, swung them into place, and drove spikes all through the long summer days. These men were a miscellaneous lot, from many lands—Swedes, Germans, Hungarians, some Irish, of course, Orientals, and not a few native-born Americans like myself.

It had been a hard day—another of a succession of hard days, for the work was behind time and everyone was being driven to his utmost capacity in an endeavor to catch up. Bed and sleep called to me, but the beauty of the evening overcame my weariness and led me to crawl out to the westernmost scow of the pile-driving fleet, and there sit, with my pipe, bathed in the mellow light of the descending sun. The harshness of the land was for the moment gone, its sharp outlines gently softened by the quiet and the light of the evening. A faint breeze rippled the surface of the lake and wavelets sloshed and lapped against the side of the boat.

For some moments I sat almost dozing, lulled by the beauty—the peace—the contentment of the scene. But "habit," "duty," "reason," or whatever you may wish to call it, wedged itself upon my consciousness in a very short while and urged me to my bunk, to prepare for the work of tomorrow. Seductive beauty of scene, fragrance of air, sensuous pleasure invited me to stay on. Passive "me" seemed to stand to one side and let these forces strive silently for the mastery of my body.

Just when strong "habit" was winning out and I was about to turn back to the camp, the victory was momentarily stayed. Someone had come out to my vantage point. Looking around, I saw standing a few feet from where I lay hidden, the silent little Jap that worked by my side all day. Oh, how he worked! Small but wiry, he made every move count—steadily, surely doing things—and all the time learning—watching carefully with those sharp black eyes, to see how this was done and how that. I observed, as he mentally tabulated the knowledge gained—working and learning—without comment or relaxation.

The first glance now gave me my glimpse of his soul. Method, calculation, purpose—all these were gone from his face, and in their place was sadness, home-hunger, yearning. His gaze was to the West, and like a flash my fancy joined his thoughts as they raced out over the blue-white expanse of the lake, across the blue-black, white-topped mountains, the desert land beyond, the garden lands of California, the





broad Pacific to Japan—the land of the cherry blossoms, of the trailing, climbing, sweet-scented wisteria. There was a home perhaps, a mother maybe, and a father, sisters, brothers, and a toddling, slant-eyed little maid that meant more than all these.

The brown chest of the boy-man, disclosed by his open-throated shirt, heaved, the hands at his sides clenched convulsively, and the sharp eyes dimmed, their sparkle drowned in a mist. All this for an instant only, then there was a straightening of the slight form, a setting of the jaw, a resolute about-face, and he made his way quickly back over the boats.

I looked around to see the red-gold sun drop back of the mountains, and then—well, I gave up defiantly to old "habit" and followed after the lad.

Silvanus Kingsley. Jan. '01.

College Life as I Have Found It

(Chicago University)



ANY a time while I was in high school I thought of college as some far away place where everything would be strange and where I would want to do nothing but study. I soon found, however, that the step between high school and the university is not, after all, very great. There were some new things, but for the most part there was a gradual change.

The atmosphere of college is entirely different, for we are here because we want to be, and, as a result, work voluntarily. We are expected to make the most of ourselves, but we are put entirely on our own responsibility. As total strangers to most of the people we

meet, we can not rely on past records, or on friends or relatives, but we must stand for what we are. In the selection of subjects, and the planning of our course, we are given great freedom and are obliged to choose wisely. Time itself is in our hands. For those away from home there are fewer interruptions, so that we can usually do whatever we wish, provided our programme is systematically arranged. Of course, as people say, it is easy to leave pages of notes to be written the night before they must be handed in, and then sit up all night to finish them. But this happens only when the time has not been well planned.

Then, contrary to what I had once imagined, the majority of university students do not regard their studies as the only part of their college life. Naturally, these receive the first attention. But a great deal of their effort is spent in other ways, so that at the end of four years they may have not only a degree but the pleasure of recalling many good times and the ability to enjoy many more. There is no incentive to work for high marks, because the grades are never given, and that indeed is a great relief. The main thing is to get as much out of a course as we can for our own benefit, and not think of the per cent.

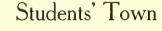
Ruth M. Kellogg. June '05

E.Haller

HAKUTAKU THE TEACHER

ANOTHEREUP





THIS is the Mayor of great renown,
Who makes the laws for Students' Town.
He's loved, revered o'er all the land,
For he holds the lid with a steady hand.
All city merchants his students demand
For the "C. E. E. Brand" is the best in the land.

Here's the Policeman of Students' Town,
He keeps the riotous youngster down.
He scowls and protests at exuberant joy,
Forgets that all work makes "Jack a dull boy."
His learning's so gentle you'd scarce think him base
And all but the athletes are afraid of his mace.

We here see the Druggist of Students' Town, Who fills out prescriptions with never a frown. His knowledge of acids and bases and all Is undoubtedly real; who could think it a "stall"? He handles the chemicals rare with discretion And makes in the Town a decided impression.

Now this is the Cook of Students' Town.

Not Irish is she, but of fair renown.

She teaches the maidens to make bread and pie,
To bake, boil and fricasse, scallop and fry.

Carbohydrates and water and fat and protein,
She has learned makes a meal that is fit for a queen.

This pitiful being would willingly drown,
For he is the scholar of Students' Town.
He rises at day-break to pore over Trig.,
And sits up till midnight translations to dig.
For Latin and Physics and Civics and Chem.
Are his sole recreations,—he's harnessed to them.

The Students' Town Smith is a wonder indeed, From scraps of iron he makes all you need. Wielding hammer and sledge in the midst of the sparks, He finds time to tell yarns and laugh at boys' larks. To the rank which he holds he has worthily risen; Tho' he for es all day, he was never in prison.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Alumni Notes



FTER a short time the valiant deeds of the undergraduate on the athletic field, and even his scholastic honors, are often forgotten: but the spirit that led him to contest and win is helping him to succeed in the many affairs of life. Below are a few notes which tell of success won by our alumni. A complete record would fill a large book. It is hoped these brief items may give pleasure to classmates of former years and inspiration to the undergraduates of today.

Edgar Kiser ('97) has been recently appointed superintendent of the City Dispensary. Since his graduation from medical college he has served as an interne in both the City Hospital and Dispensary*and as a lecturer on embryology at Indiana Medical.

Charles Seitz ('97), who has been assistant actuary of the State Life Insurance Company for five years, has been appointed chief actuary of the Security Life and Annuity Company of America, and has gone to the home offices at Philadelphia.

Roy Howard ('02), formerly telegraph editor of the Cincinnati Post, is now the New York representative of the Scripps-McRae League.

Hugh Brown graduated at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, in February, 1905. Since that time he has served as midshipman on board the cruiser Colorado. When the Japanese and Russian Peace Commissioners embarked at New York for Oyster Bay, to be presented to the President, Brown was in command of the fleet of steam launches, and with his own launch took the Commissioners from the shore to the vessels in the East River.

Eldred B. Armstrong was an honor graduate from Annapolis in 1906.

Felix Ballard ('98) has charge of a branch warehouse of the T. B. Laycock Manufacturing Company at Birmingham, Ala.

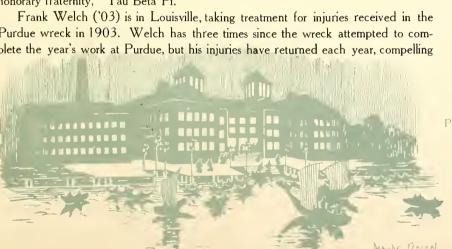
Percy Rawls ('98) was chief assistant to the head professor in the Columbia Medical School.

Harry Goldrick ('97) traveled through the South as engineer for the Kellogg Telephone Company of Chicago.

Anton Vonnegut ('01) and Otto Mueller ('01) are mechanical engineers at the Noelke-Richards Iron Works.

Walter Pauli ('02) was one of the twelve chosen from the Senior class at Purdue this year who, by virtue of having never received below A, were initiated into the honorary fraternity, "Tau Beta Pi."

Purdue wreck in 1903. Welch has three times since the wreck attempted to complete the year's work at Purdue, but his injuries have returned each year, compelling



POGUE-YAMA



him to give up. At Christmas, when he was forced to withdraw from school, the class gave him, as a token of regard for his services as president and scrap leader, a beautiful diamond seal ring with the words, "Purdue, '09," engraved upon it.

Leslie Maxwell ('02), Albrecht Kipp ('02) and Ira McIntyre ('02) graduate from Indiana University in June.

Herbert Moore ('99) has been chosen by Howard Pyle, the famous illustrator, to enter his art school at Wilmington, Delaware.

Harvey Emrich ('03) has won two scholarships in the New York Art School and several cash prizes.

Harry Carlisle ('02) has also won an art scholarship in New York and has had some drawings in the April Reader.

A letter from Mr. French, director of the Chicago Art Institute, tells of the fine work Will Scott ('03) is doing.



